

The Critic

VOL. I., No. 5.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1881.

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GENEVIEVE WARD, *As Queen Catherine.*

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BJÖRNSON IN THE UNITED STATES.

AMERICAN readers who have delighted in "Arne" and "The Fishermayden" may not be aware that the author of these tales is one of the most powerful of living orators. It is not primarily as a poet and novelist that he has risen to the exceptional position which he now occupies in his native land; but by dint of his marvellous power of speech. All the thought of the century is continually seething in his strong and spacious brain. The moment the flood-gates are opened, he pours forth mighty torrents of eloquence—not frothy and inflated bombast, but clear, stimulating and aggressive reasoning, adorned at frequent intervals with the most surprisingly beautiful and imaginative imagery.

Björnson is not a poet of the romantic order, even though he began his career as a writer of idyllic poems and novellettes. The romanticism of his youth he has long ago outgrown, and he stands now in the broad daylight of reality, grappling with the great questions of the time. It is in this capacity, as a champion of progress and liberty, as a standard-bearer in the vanguard of thought, that he felt the need to visit the United States in order to familiarize himself with the practical workings of the most liberal constitution the world has yet seen. He arrived last September, and took up his abode temporarily in Cambridge, Mass., where he made his observations quietly, and recorded his impressions for future reference. What astonished him most of all was the stanch conservatism of all classes with whom he came in contact. He had half expected to find a nation of thinkers, wide-awake and progressive, and strongly inclined to radicalism. It had not occurred to him, perhaps, that conservatism is a trait inherent in human nature, and is not peculiar to monarchies; that in fact the great mass clings from mere force of habit to old systems and beliefs long after they have lost their rational bases. Björnson labored, however, under a disadvantage while in Massachusetts, as he spoke English very imperfectly, although he understood it sufficiently well to carry on an ordinary conversation. But it is impossible to penetrate very deeply into the thought of a people whose language one does not wield with ease and precision. If Björnson had become intimately acquainted with such vigorous thinkers as Mr. John Fiske, Henry James, Sr., James Freeman Clarke, and a dozen others, whose names immediately occur to us, his views of Massachusetts would have been greatly modified. It may not be a breach of confidence to say that, like so many others who have the privilege of calling Mr. Howells their friend, he went away after his visit to the literary hermitage at Belmont, full of enthusiasm for the genial author and his family. There he felt himself completely understood, and to an affectionate nature like Björnson's, sojourning in a strange land, that is a sweet and precious sensation. In a little note, written to Mr. Howells in acknowledgment of a railroad pass which the latter had procured for him, he expresses quaintly his warm appreciation of his new friend: "That you are sovereign lord of all hearts—that I knew; but of the railroads—dear me!"

After having spent four months in Massachusetts, Björnson came here to New York, where he made himself known only to three or four friends, and was careful to avoid reporters and newspaper correspondents. Like Walt Whitman (for whom, by the way, he has a high regard), he "went about, and took notes." When Victor Hugo wants to explore Paris, he climbs up on the top of an omnibus. Björnson, during his explorations of New York, went where neither omnibuses nor street cars go. It was his object to

learn not how Vanderbilt or Hamilton Fish lives; for the plutocrats and the scions of ancient houses have a family resemblance the world over, and their manner of living is not very original. Björnson, who is as sincere a democrat as Whitman, wished to know how "the sublime masses" lived, and simple, humane and serious, as he always is, he could go unscathed wherever he chose. He gave a little dinner at his lodgings, which was a striking illustration of practical democracy.

In response to a great number of urgent letters and appeals from his countrymen in the West, Björnson resolved to make a lecturing tour through the principal Norwegian settlements of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. He felt a strong need to explain to the Norse-Americans the importance of the great constitutional struggle which is now going on in Norway, and in which he himself and Johan Sverdrup are the principal contestants on the liberal side. The clergy, as usual the representatives of obscurantism and bigotry, began a fierce and determined warfare upon him the moment his arrival was announced; but they have so far accomplished nothing, except to stimulate the universal curiosity to hear him. A journal named *Folkebladet*, in Minneapolis, edited by a clergyman named Sven Oftedal, has especially earned an unenviable notoriety by its persistent misrepresentations and the scurrilous and undignified attacks upon his character. Björnson is a free-thinker, they say, and to be sure he has the audacity to think freely and without reference to clerical authority. In his lecture on "The Prophets," in which he deals with the Old Testament as a miscellany of Jewish history and traditions, and subjects the books of the prophets to a searching criticism, he did, of course, throw down the gauntlet to the orthodox clergy, and they are perfectly justifiable in counteracting the effect of his destructive criticism by endeavoring to make him harmless. Their fault is, that when they find their arguments weak, they resort to misrepresentation and personal abuse.

Being averse to all public demonstrations, Björnson requested particularly that the proposed torchlight procession in Chicago, with the brass band accompaniment, should be abandoned; and his countrymen yielded to his desire, but substituted a banquet in his honor at the Palmer House. They also crowded McVicker's large theatre on the night of his first lecture (on Norway's Constitutional Struggle); but many of them were frightened away from the second lecture by Björnson's frank announcement that he desired those who were afraid of hearing views conflicting with Christianity to stay away. It is now seven weeks since he started on his tour, and wherever he has gone, the Norse farmers from all the surrounding country have flocked to see and hear him, and his success has exceeded his most daring expectations. At the present writing (Feb. 28th) he is forcibly detained by snow in Nora Springs, an obscure little village in Iowa, and the neighboring town of Decorah, the head-quarters of Lutheran orthodoxy in the United States, is thronged with people who have come in from the country with their families to attend his lecture. Many of them have now waited for several days in the hope that he may succeed in breaking his way through the snow-banks. The Scandinavian press in the West is discussing with great vehemence and animation the questions and problems which he has broached in his lectures, and there are, amid much bigotry and foolishness, frequently a vigor and sincerity in these discussions which are the direct reflections of Björnson's sincere and vigorous speech. It is evident that even though he has often been misunderstood, he has roused to thought the great priest-ridden masses in the Scandinavian West, and for years to come his mighty voice will be reverberating in their memories.

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

LITERATURE

Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

THIS classic comes quietly into the world. Its editor is sunning himself at Madeira, its author lies buried at Ecclefechan. Mr. Froude contents himself with saying, in a brief preface, that on examining the miscellaneous MSS. left by Thomas Carlyle, he found among them various sketches and reminiscences—one of Carlyle's father, another of Edward Irving, another of Lord Jeffrey, with two slight notices of Southey and Wordsworth, and material for the introduction to Mrs. Carlyle's letters. Of these unstudied writings the book is made. The publishers fairly claim that it is, in substance, an autobiography. Its charm is its perfect frankness. Whatever Carlyle thought of his own or others' work is here plainly written down. His judgments may not always be sound or even fair, and already there is some insignificant clamor against his demolition of literary idols. But the candor of his criticisms cannot be gainsaid, and there is even a fear that the public, in their haste for the racier portions, may miss the true and sober purport of the book. Carlyle has no mercy even for his friends. He knew and loved John Stuart Mill, and does not hesitate to say that the famous economist's talk was "sawdustish," and his gospel a "croakery of crawling things." He was on close terms of intimacy with Jeffrey, and has no scruples in telling how the Lord Advocate would trip about the ladies like a lap-dog, and how he was not deep enough, pious or reverent enough, to have been great in literature. His attachment to Irving was thorough, and yet he shows the popular preacher "veiled and hooded in these miserable manifold crapes and formulas, so that his brave old self never once looked fairly through." What, then, could those expect with whom he had brief acquaintance and scant sympathy? Coleridge was to him "a puffy, anxious, obstructed looking, fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest." Of Lamb he only noticed the "insuperable proclivity to gin, his frosty artificialities, and ghastly make-believe wit." Goethe offended him by desiring his acquaintance in company with that of the "Herren Grafen von Bentincks," in one of whom he recognized a sporting nobleman, "a stupid enough phenomenon for me." Mazzini he considered "a most valiant, faithful soul, but hopelessly given up to his republicanism, and other Rousseau fanaticism, for which I had at no time the least credence." Allan Cunningham "had not much of instruction either to give or receive;" Harriet Martineau had talents "which would have made her a quite shining matron of some big female establishment, mistress of some immense dress-shop for instance;" De Quincey was "a pretty little creature, full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride;" and Wordsworth was "a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive, and almost wearisome kind of man: not adorable, by any means, as a great poetic genius, much less as the Trismegistus of such." Plain speaking such as this is likely to excite the busybodies of Grub Street, and yet these opinions form a very subsidiary part of the Reminiscences. Their real burden is one of unutterable love and never-ending sorrow. "Why do I write all this?" cries Carlyle. "It is too sad to think of it, broken down as I am, and the lamp of my life which 'covered everything with gold,' as it were, gone out, gone out." The memory of his dead wife comes over him, and he bows his head. "God be about us all. Amen. Amen."

The book fitly opens with his recollections of his father, "James Carlyle, of Ecclefechan, mason." In the days when he wrote it his style was less knotty, his thought less

close. The simplicity with which he narrates the history of his family is the true cause of its picturesqueness. His grandfather was an honest, vehement, adventurous, but not an industrious man. He would leave his wife with the little ones to manage very much as they could while he went hunting with the Laird of Bridekirk, a swashbuckler of those days. He was in Dumfriesshire in 1745; saw the Highlanders come through Ecclefechan over the Border heights as they went down, and was at Dumfries among them as they returned back in flight; for he had gone to look after the Laird, who had been taken prisoner. He did not drink, but his stroke was ever as ready as his word. He was a fiery man, irascible, indomitable. An old market brawl, called the "Ecclefechan dog-fight," in which he was a principal, survives in tradition there to this day. He had quarrelled bitterly with his brother Francis, who had enlisted on a man-of-war, and it was not till he lay on his death-bed that the latter, then a grim old sea-captain, relented and travelled in a cart to Ecclefechan that he might see his elder yet once more before he died. Bred up in such circumstances, Carlyle's father was accustomed to all manner of hardship. He had to scramble for clothes and food. He knit, thatched for hire, and above all, hunted. Every dell and burngate and cleugh of that district he had traversed, seeking game. He observed and accurately noted all; he made the most and the best of all. His hunting years were not useless to him. Poverty trained him into a Stoic. "Ought I not to rejoice," says Carlyle, "that God was pleased to give me such a father: that from the earliest years I had the example of a real Man of God's own making continually before me? Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world; if God so will, to rejoin him at last." His philosophy was all summed up in this—that man was created to work, not to speculate, or feel, or dream. He delighted to hear of all things that were worth talking of. He would go on hoeing his turnips while his son entertained him with stories of Francis Jeffrey and his famed review, or of foreign travels, or even of metaphysics. He had the most entire and open contempt for all idle tattle, what he called clatter. He was no niggard. He paid his men handsomely and with overplus. He never had one penny which he knew not well how he had come by, "picked," as he said, "out of the hard stone." He was proud of his sons, but never openly bragged of them. His face was full of meaning and earnestness, a man of strength and a man of toil. "My father," says Carlyle, "in several respects, has not, that I can think of, left his fellow. *Ultimus Romanorum*. Perhaps among Scottish peasants what Samuel Johnson was among English authors. I have a sacred pride in my peasant father, and would not exchange him, even now, for any king known to me."

Here, for a while, the mists fall upon Annandale, and young Thomas Carlyle is in Edinburgh. Edward Irving had drawn to his London church one Mrs. Strachey, wife of a well-known Indian official, and her elder sister Mrs. Buller, "a Calcutta fine lady and princess of the kind worshipped there." Mrs. Buller's son, Charles, lately from Harrow, having fed hitherto on Latin and Greek husks, was now devoting himself to Pierce Egan and to "Boxiana." Irving proposed that he should be sent to Edinburgh. "I know a young man there," said he, "who could lead him into richer spiritual pastures and take effective charge of him." Such charge Carlyle took, and of Charles' brother, too. "The two youths took to me with unhesitating liking, and I to them; and we never had anything of quarrel or even of weariness and dreariness between us; such 'teaching' as I never did in any sphere before or since." He went with the Bullers to Kinnaid, and there, with the grand

* Reminiscences. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

sough of the woods in his ears, and the distant ripple of Tay, he worked at "Schiller" for the *London Magazine*, and read the first favorable criticism of his work in the *Times*, "lighting in the desolation of my inner man a strange little glow of illumination." With Mrs. Strachey's husband he started for Paris, and laid the foundation for the "French Revolution." King Louis XVIII. was lying in state as he passed through St. Denis. He saw all Paris plastered with placards, "Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi," announcing from Châteaubriand a pamphlet of that title. King Charles X. swept by him in the Louvre, "a swart, slightish, insipid-looking man; sparse public indifferent to him, and silent nearly all." He visited Legendre, the mathematician, whose "Geometry" he had translated; and attended a meeting at the Institute, where a provincial read a paper on silk-worms, and the great Laplace sat dumb in a blue silk dressing-gown. He went to a sermon at Ste. Geneviève's, where the preacher, "a dizened fool in hour-glass hat, ran to and fro in his balcony or pulpit, and seemed much contented with himself." He looked silently into the Morgue and the Hôtel Dieu; saw Talma in *Œdipe* at the Théâtre Français ("incomparably the best actor I ever saw"); heard Cuvier lecture, and called on a professor of Persian; and was not altogether sorry to find himself again in London, and not long afterward in Scotland, at Hoddam Hill. Here his life underwent a metamorphosis. "This year," he says, "lies now like a not ignoble russet-coated idyl in my memory." There was a courtship in that idyl, a courtship so sacred that the most curious may not peep at it. "Once for about ten days my dearest and beautifullest herself came across out of Nithsdale to pay my mother a visit. How sad and strange all that now seems. Oh, my darling, not Andromache dressed in all the art of a Racine looks more high and queenly to me, or is more of a tragic poem than thou and thy noble pilgrimage beside me in this poor, thorny, muddy world."

Through those forty years of tender married life the reader must be left to follow them. All the love that so long was pent in the rugged Scotchman becomes articulate in these pages. Whomsoever his wife liked, he liked; whenever she wearied of an acquaintance, he wearied too. The former needed an effort on his part; the latter none. "My poor little wife!" says he, "what a capacity of liking, of sympathy, of giving and getting pleasure, was in her heart to the very last, compared with my gaunt mournful darkness in that respect." In London they went a little into the drawing-rooms of fashionable people—the Stanleys of Alderley, the Spring-Rices, the Hollands. Lady William Russell, the all-captivating, seemed to them "admirable as a finished piece of social art." Leigh Hunt caught the husband's favor by admiring the Scotch melodies and eating the Scotch porridge of the wife. They were happy for a while, he busy with "Cromwell" and "Frederick the Great" and his lectures, she pouring her sunshine over the household. Then it faded away. "The paper of this poor notebook of hers is done: all I have to say, too, though there lie such volumes yet unsaid, seems to be almost done, and I must sorrowfully end it, and seek for something else. Very sorrowfully still, for it has been my sacred shrine and religious city of refuge from the bitterness of these sorrows during all the doleful weeks that are past since I took it up: a kind of devotional thing, which softens all grief into tenderness and infinite pity and repentant love, one's whole sad soul drowned as if in tears for one, and all the wrath and scorn and other grim elements silently melted away. And now, am I to leave it: to take farewell of her a second time? Right silent and serene is she, my lost darling yonder, as I often think in my gloom, no sorrow more for her, nor will there long be for me."

"The Past in the Present."*

*PROFESSOR MITCHELL is a genuine son of Scotland, taking notes

"Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's."

The sight of a "craggan" or a "quern" repays him for a visit to the stormy Hebrides, and a veritable "rivlin" from Shetland, to take the place of his old shoes, is a "find" for which he is thankful. The reader of the first six of these ten Rhind lectures will find that the "rivlin" is "nothing but a piece of untanned hide, folded, when fresh or moistened, up the sides of the foot and over the toes, stitched or closed at the heel and toes with a piece of twine or a thong of the hide, and then secured to the foot more or less like a sandal;" that they are "seen all over the Shetland Islands;" that "thousands of pairs could at this moment be procured in a single county;" that "old people are content with any hide, whatever the color of it be; but young women, and occasionally young men, choose a hide which is spotted, white and red, or white and black;" and that these are, after all, patterned on the old shoe of the "Wilde Scots." In these same lectures we shall be able to track to their haunts the "knockin-stane," the "snuff-quern," the "Skye craggan," the "toasting-stone;" to learn how the Hebridian lass prepares "graddan," or burned corn, which the maid of Shetland eats under the name of "burstin;" and how the latter prefers sour milk, because she must store the sweet in a craggan, "which is porous, and usually contains organic matter in a state of putrescence," whereby the fresh milk soon becomes tainted. But these "craggans" are antiquities still lingering in the lap of time—in the island of Lewis, that is, and in other parts of Scotland. They are still made by the women of Barvas. The manufacture—literally a *manu-facture*—is not difficult. Get the best clay you can, pick out the larger stones, leaving the sand and the finer gravel. Press the clay with the hand into any shape you please, and use a stick if you wish, "with a curve on it to give form to the inside." Let it stand for a day to dry. Then surround and fill it with burning peats, and bake sufficiently, after which you may take out the ashes and "pour slowly into the bowl and all over it about a pint of milk," to make it less porous. These, too, are sold by the thousands, not as antiquities, but for daily use. "I remember once," says the author, "meeting a girl crossing a dreary moor in The Lewis, on her way home from the summer's sheiling to which she had gone to milk the cows. . . . On her back she carried a flat, open creel, half filled with weeds, and in these weeds nestled two large globular craggans full of milk, each with its mouth stopped by a handful of freshly-pulled grass. As we passed we exchanged the usual salutation. She went her way, unconscious that she was, in my eyes, an archaic person."

The Orkney Isles and the Hebrides seem to be the locus of many primitive dwellings, and of habits of living which our author endeavors to distinguish from those of the Hottentots. The "Black House" of Lewis and Harris—in which, or its like, "thousands of people have been born, have lived, and died"—is a notable specimen of dwelling. But the Beehive house, or "bothan," of The Lewis, surpasses the Black House perhaps in certain qualities. It is built of "rough, undressed stones, gathered from the moor." "The dome snape, or beehive form, is given by making the successive courses of stone overlap each other, till at length they approach so closely all round as to leave nothing but a small hole, which can be either closed by a large sod, or left open for the escape of smoke or the admission of light." The walls are very thick, and "covered outside with turf, which soon becomes grassy like the land round about." Neither wood nor iron nor cement is used. Stone and turf, and nothing else, go to make it. No tool is needed; "scarcely even a wooden spade, and not a hammer of any kind." The entrance—there is but one—is "a hole about three feet high and two feet wide." Within, there are but two rooms, opening into each other. The smaller one, six feet by six—used to store milk and food; the larger, six by nine, being the family room. "The greatest height of the living-room—in its centre, that is—was scarcely six feet. In no part of the dairy was it possible to stand erect. The door of communication between the two rooms was so small that we could get through only by creeping. The great thickness of the walls, six to eight feet, gave this door, or passage of communication, the look of a tunnel, and made the creeping through it very real. "At the

*The Past in the Present. What is Civilization? By Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

right-hand side, on entering, there was the fireplace. The smoke escaped at a small opening at the apex of the dome. The floor was divided into two spaces by a row of curbstones eight or ten inches high. These served as seats, the only seats in the house; but they at the same time cut off the part of the floor on which the inmates slept, the bed, in short—the whole space behind the row of stones being covered with hay and rushes. At the part of the wall bounding the bed there were three niches, or presses, in which, among other things, we observed a hair-comb, and some newly-made cheeses. One of these beehive houses—it was, in fact, a double one, a kind of double New England haycock—stood “by the side of a burn which flowed through a little grassy glen—a sort of oasis in the midst of a great waste of bog and rock.” It was tenanted, and “the family happened to be at home. It consisted of three young women. It was Sunday, and they had made their toilet with care at the burn and had put on their printed calico gowns.” One of them was reading a Gaelic bible. “They showed no alarm at our coming, but invited us into the *bo’ h*, and hospitably treated us to milk. They were courteously dignified, neither feeling nor affecting to feel embarrassment. There was no evidence of any understanding on their part that we should experience surprise at their surroundings. I confess, however, to having shown, as well as felt, the effects of the wine of astonishment.

So over the north of Scotland and its islands we go, finding the Past in the Present. It is an enticing, enchanting journey. The simple narrative of what our guide himself saw, and is willing to show us through many score of admirable illustrations, is more entertaining, perhaps, than would have been a more compact form of lecture, a more finished and concise style. But we are often invited by the cautious professor to pause and consider the danger of attributing an unknown antiquity to things which we may by and by find in daily domestic use among our own north-country cousins. It is as easy to say a million as to say a thousand or a hundred, and the ordinary antiquarian, fired by his enthusiasm, metaphorically deposits a bone utensil or one of stone among a heap of deer’s antlers in a dry cave, and calls the whole a relic of the Stone or the Iron age and of an unknown antiquity, forgetting that stone and iron exist to-day, and that on the fringes of civilization are millions of people who use them in primitive ways. Professor Mitchell cannot pardon this looseness of speech; and, moreover, he objects urgently to the assumption that the use of primitive methods implies necessarily any want of intellectual vigor, arguing that the people in the north of Scotland and among its islands possess mental solidity and hardness which, shifted to the south of England, will take on any degree of polish. His observations on this point are exceedingly interesting and supported by a narrative of facts, not so ingeniously as ingenuously stated, which should have great weight with the student of ethnology. He takes frequent occasion also to discuss what he would call the degradation of fashion in utensils, and the deterioration of customs, showing as the result of his own observation in Scotland that beauty and skill in workmanship do not of necessity ripen continuously, so that a given form of pottery, for instance, shall give place at its most perfect stage to the lowest form of a new and better order. On the contrary, the old form survives long after the new has begun its life, but survives only to deteriorate, falling by successive stages into less and less able hands, or passing off into the edges of civilization, and there remaining perhaps for generations.

We have only touched upon a few of the professor’s points. The whole six lectures will prove instructive and entertaining reading. In the four lectures on Civilization which follow, and which, with a considerable appendix, further illustrating the subject, and an admirable synopsis of contents, make up the rest of the volume, we have a discussion of the true value and meaning of civilization, and of various vital questions, such as whether our civilization can be lost, whether the savage is in a state of degradation—the off-scourings of some former higher stage—and if so, what signs there are in our foremost nations of a similar deteriorating tendency. The discussion is of importance as an appendix to that on the theory of Natural Selection, and opens up some questions which the advocates of the Darwinian theory have not fully considered.

Chinese Literature.*

THE series of essays in which Dr. Martin has embodied the fruits of his long sojourn in the Flowery Kingdom, follows hard upon an important work in almost the same field of literary research; and

the latter volume, “The Religions of China,” appeared almost before the politicians had ceased discussing Mr. Seward’s treatise on “Chinese Immigration.” More than either of these works Dr. Martin’s will enlighten public opinion in America as to the position of the Chinese scholar in the republic of letters, and of the Chinese Empire in the political world. It is a readable book; and having read it, one feels that his time has not been thrown away. He has learned much of those hoary institutions that make China the wonder of the western world; and he has realized that, despite its conservatism, the Chinese mind is capable of grasping new ideas, and of turning them to practical account. The first thing that strikes the reader is the stability of the Chinese government—a fact not unfamiliar to the educated, but seldom brought forcibly to mind. It is difficult, in this land of new thoughts and experiments, to comprehend the national traits that have made possible the survival to the present day of institutions that long antedate the Christian era, and which may yet, with certain modifications, outlast the boasted forms of European civilization.

Dr. Martin is confident that the progressive spirit of the age will extend downward from those high officials in whom its presence has been shown, and secure for China a conspicuous place among the powers of the earth. “With the Chinese,” he tells us, “the art of government is the ‘great study,’ and all else—science, literature, religion—merely subsidiary.” But while he devotes considerable space to the exposition of this fact, it is easy to see that his chief interest is not in the politics, but in the literature of the land. The opening chapter of his work is devoted to the Hanlin Yuan, or Imperial Academy—“one of the pivots of the empire, and the very centre of its literary activity”—an institution older, by hundreds of years, than any of its kind in England, France, or Germany. Despite its high position, this venerable college is housed in “five low, shed-like structures, one story in height, that have the appearance of an empty barn; these flanked by a double series of humbler buildings, quite inferior to the stables of a well-conducted farmstead; some of them in ruins, and dust and decay everywhere.” The history of the Hanlin Yuan may be said to be the history of Chinese letters. Up to the accession of Kaotsu, the founder of the dynasty of the Tangs, constant civil warfare prevented the foundation of a national seat of learning; but when Kaotsu’s younger son ascended the throne the cultivation of literature became his chief concern. This was in the earlier years of the seventh century; and not long thereafter the art of printing, unknown in Europe till the fifteenth century, was applied to lighten the labors of the imperial academicians. During the first half of its existence, the Hanlin Yuan migrated with the court, being finally located at Peking, six centuries ago. Its members, we are told, seek admission not from love of learning, “but for the distinction it confers, and especially as a pass to lucrative employment.” With the duties of these learned men as a text, a very pretty essay might be written on wasting time. Among other things, for instance, they are required to “respectfully prepare honorary titles for the dowager empresses,” and to “draw up patents of dignity for the chief concubines of the late emperor, and forms of investiture for new empresses and the chief concubines of new emperors, . . . all of which shall be submitted for the imperial approbation.” Some twenty of them, moreover, are employed to keep a daily record of the words and actions of the reigning emperor. What, in comparison with this burlesque of toadyism, is the “court circular” of London journals, against which Thackeray railed!

The “Hanlin” is a learned man, but his acquirements would hardly qualify him to edit a daily paper. “He can recite with familiar ease the dynastic records of his own country for thousands of years; but he never heard of Alexander or Cæsar or the first Napoleon.” In geography, “he becomes quite bewildered when he goes to the north of the great wall.” In astronomy, “he maintains the dignity of our native globe as the centre of the universe, as his own country is the middle of the habitable earth.” He credits an ancient tradition which asserts that “tigers plunging into the sea are converted into sharks, and sparrows into oysters. . . . It never occurs to him to inquire why water flows downward and fire ascends; to his mind, both are ultimate facts. In knowledge, according to our standard, he is a child; in intellectual force, a giant. . . . His memory is prodigious, his ap-

* The Chinese: Their Education, Philosophy, and Letters. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D., President of the Tungwen College, Peking. New York: Harper & Brothers.

prehension quick, his taste in literary matters exquisite." It is a great mistake to suppose that the Chinese care nothing for literary style. Next to brevity, their writers aim at symmetry. "Every sentence is balanced with the utmost precision; every word having its proper counterpoise, and the whole composition moving on with the measured tread of a troop of soldiers." They are Macaulayan in their fondness for antithesis. Unfortunately, however, their reverence of antiquity imposes a constant check upon the style of modern writers, enforcing an imitation of classic models that is nothing less than pedantic.

In a chapter on the style of Chinese epistolary correspondence, Dr. Martin gives an entertaining sketch of Liu-kia-chu, a Chinese Charles Lamb, not long dead, whose days were divided between clerical work in a government office and the writing of personal letters that have given him a place among the literary celebrities of his native land. It is a curious fact that, in China, while public documents are written in simple language and a plain, straightforward style, the manner of private correspondence is artificial to the last degree. This is not true of the letters of Liu-kia-chu, however, for while they teem with classical allusions, and show no disregard of the minor rules of rhetoric, they are as graceful as the essays of Addison.

In China, every writer of prose writes poetry, or what passes for poetry; and on these metrical compositions they look with special pride. In this, it seems, their judgment errs; "for, while their prose writers, like those of France, are unsurpassed in felicity of style, their poetry, like that of France, is stiff and constrained." In April of last year, Dr. Martin tells us, the Marquis of Tseng sent to Peking a rhymed couplet acknowledging the mandate that ordered him to St. Petersburg; and official proclamations, couched in poetical form, are not an unfamiliar deviation from the common rule.

The Biography of an Editor.*

THE name of Charles Edward Appleton, who built up the London *Academy* to its present rank in English letters, will not be wholly unfamiliar to Americans; and the story of his life, which was cut off untimely at Luxor two years ago, cannot fail to find interested readers on this side of the ocean. Indeed, though Dr. Appleton's brother and Professor Sayce have not set themselves the task of extolling the subject of their biography, his career was one of such high endeavor, his personality was one of such abundant charm, that nobody can help feeling, in thinking of both, that the world could have spared more easily many a greater man. Steeped in metaphysics, belonging by his train of ideas rather to Germany, where he lovingly sojourned, than to Oxford, whence he took his fellowship, he showed in the conduct of his paper much of that energy and that self-reliance which are generally regarded as American traits. There was something heroic in the persistence with which he clung to the *Academy*, in its older fortnightly form, when the clouds were gathering over his head, and he felt the good ship sinking under him, and saw all the crew abandon him but one well-known scholar and his sister. Few men of his stamp would have weathered the storm. Dr. Appleton did more than that; he showed literary men of all schools that he was a born captain of men; he gathered round the review in its renovated shape a number of very notable people; he introduced and carried out the plan of having every article signed by the writer; and it is only by looking back at the lists of his contributors that one can appreciate his faculty of drawing to him all that was best in English thought, and of discerning talent in many who have since stepped into fame. He made it his business to know everybody. To his quiet little house at Hampstead, from the windows of which one could look down on the great, smoky city in the valley, he would invite all sorts of notabilities. There, on the lawn under the horse-chestnuts, the *Saturday Reviewer* would play croquet with the poetaster whom he had been scalping; there the robust critic would foregather with the aesthete, and the fashionable novelist with the professional beauty. There, in the long Winter evenings, wreaths of tobacco smoke would circle round the books in the library, and the philosophy of Germany would be discussed by clusters of animated talkers, Dr. Appleton smoking his short pipe in the midst, the spirit of Hegel beaming through his spectacles. Though it was a standing joke, based on the fopperies

of style in which some of his writers indulged, that his paper was the organ of Maule and Postlethwaite, he was a man of no affectations. So long as he thought the universities or the government could be persuaded to "endow research," he worked to that end with entire singleness of purpose. When he found he was talking to the winds, he called in all his energies and concentrated them upon the *Academy*. He was one of the founders of the Savile Club, the purpose of which was to bring literary and artistic people together in a spirit of true fraternity, so that everybody who entered it knew everybody else without need of formal introduction. With all his acquirements, he was as merry and young at heart as his friend Professor Clifford, and though there came a time when he pretended to be too dignified to play billiards, he could readily be persuaded to put away his Kant and his Leibnitz, and, finding himself at the theatre, would witness a Strand burlesque or a Drury Lane pantomime with more than the enjoyment of a school-boy. He was a good man, as unselfish as he was amiable. May the camels who traverse the sands of Luxor on their way to the desert, tread lightly on the grave of Charles Appleton.

Fireside Travels.*

FOR a lazy hour by the fireside or a jaunt in a railroad car, Mr. Lowell's book is a charming companion. Without effort, yet with well-sustained interest, one follows the rambling current of the writer's thought, which rarely sinks to the commonplace, and yet never pretends to serious depth, nor aspires to lofty height. The gleam of his shrewd Yankee humor plays constantly about the pages, and frequently breaks forth in one of his quaint expressions, well-told anecdotes, or clever character-pictures. Mr. Lowell is seen at his best only on his own soil, the chapters on Italy being decidedly inferior to the American portion of the book. He has written few more delightful sketches than that of Cambridge "Thirty Years Ago," which fills the first quarter of the volume. Place, people, and associations, all are reproduced with the same genuine humor, "whose crest is a smiling tear," perpetually vibrating as it does between fun and sentiment. With a few skilful touches he revives the village heroes of his boyhood—the luxurious barber, whose sunny room was musical with the notes of all sorts of curious birds, whose walls were hung with whales' teeth, the beaks of albatrosses, portraits of Bonaparte and Frederick the Great, and kindred marvels, and of whom, in consequence, the writer confesses, "we boys always had a theory that he was immensely rich and only pursued his calling from an amiable eccentricity." Then there were the twin oyster-sellers, Snow, who "careless of the months with an R in them," used to proclaim "When 'ysters are good, they *air* good, and when they aint, they isn't!" And, lest a touch of earnestness should be wanting, we have the delicately beautiful portrait of Washington Allston, whose prematurely white "nimbus of hair undulated and floated about a face that seemed like pale flame." We should like to quote this in full, but it seems scarcely fair to extract the tidbits from so unpretending a collection. But Mr. Lowell is not invariably unpretending; at times he assumes a laboriousness of style and a pedantry of allusion which detract in no small measure from his charm. His partiality for latinisms gives an awkward look and sound to many of his sentences. Speaking of American mountains and their names, he says, "Why should every new surveyor rechristen them with the gubernatorial patronymics of the current year? They are geological noses, and as they are aquiline or pug, indicate terrestrial idiosyncrasies. A cosmical physiognomist, after a glance at them, will draw no vague inference as to the character of the country." Frequently his wit is perfunctory, like that of the worn-out professional humorist; and sometimes it degenerates into a merely commonplace flippancy. At the cascade of Velino, after protesting against Byron's description of the waterfall, he boldly substitutes a few platitudes of his own about the stream's "exultant leap to doom," and the "God of sunshine and song, building a triumphal arch beyond the reach of time and decay;" and he concludes with a forced and trivial pun: "But Milton is the only man who has got much poetry out of a cataract—and that was a cataract in the eye." So refined a scholar as Mr. Lowell had surely better leave such vulgar witticisms as this to the comic almanacs and the funny paragraphers of the daily papers.

* Dr. Appleton: His Life and Literary Remains. By John H. Appleton and A. H. Sayce. London: Trübner & Co.

* Fireside Travels. By James Russell Lowell. (Fourth Edition.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Darwin's New Work.*

THIS volume like most of the later work given to the world by Mr. Darwin is made up of a careful record of experiments, heralded by a few pages of introduction, with here and there a summarized statement of the facts reached, and an occasional deduction or generalization. He usually, however, lays before his reader the facts which he has observed—the failures often, as well as the successes—and leaves the deduction to make itself. He tries to give to his reader the data upon which to found a theory, rather than the theory itself. His clear and logical mind organizes the material thus gathered and presented, but there is no suspicion of special pleading, no personal color even, in the simple, lucid presentation of facts. Mr. Darwin is in no sense a fighter, he is only the cause of fighting in others. These investigations of his bring to light many curious facts which have escaped the notice of all the observers who went before him. Movements in the germination and fecundation of plants were noticed and recorded by other observers long ago; some of the latter are almost too wonderful to be believed, as in the case of *valisneria spiralis*; and Mr. Darwin himself has recorded many wonderful instances of what looks like voluntary and intelligent movement in his books entitled, "Orchids Fertilized by Insects," "Insectivorous Plants," and "Climbing Plants." This new volume covers more general ground and serves to bring all these apparent exceptions into harmonious relation with vegetable physiology in general. The movement of plants instead of being confined to certain times or particular families, is shown to be universal, so long as they are growing. Each twig and root in its upward and downward progress is found when not restrained to describe an irregular ellipse. The causes which induce these movements are gravity, heat, light, moisture, and pressure, either separately or in combination. These causes produce in the plant various cellular changes. In some cases the cells on one side of a leaf or stem become turgid and on the other depleted, whence a bending of course ensues; unequal evaporation or unbalanced growth will produce the same effect, sometimes rapidly, and again slowly, sometimes permanently and again temporarily. The last chapter contains a summary of the whole volume, and this together with the introduction, and possibly a little reading here and there in the coarser type will give to any but a technical reader a satisfactory idea of the entire work. The most remarkable conclusion from his researches Mr. Darwin reserves till his last page, and this is the presence in vegetable organisms of something akin to the brain of the lower animals. The tip of the radical, he states, appears to possess a sensitiveness to impressions, and the power of directing the movements of adjoining parts.

A Greek's History of Greece.†

WHEN his opinions are in harmony with those of Gibbon and Grote, Mr. Timayenis is not always at pains to alter even their phraseology in re-echoing their views. It is very doubtful if he has brought to his task any such thorough study as we expect nowadays. He is, it is to be inferred from his name and claims, a native of Greece, and thoroughly imbued with the modern Greek patriotic spirit. He shows a considerable culture in the ancient Greek tongue and a loving enthusiasm for the old Greek literature with which he is fairly well acquainted. He has so far mastered the English language, in which he writes, that his diction is remarkably good, free from inaccuracies, and clear, though not varied or rich, or possessing any of those graces which give charm to the style of the best historians. He gives in his plain, unvarnished style, the story of the Trojan war and the heroes who preceded it, pretty much as we get the tale from the Iliad and the Odyssey; of the mythology and theogony, as we have it in the few pages left us by Hesiod; of the colonies and the earlier piratical wars; of the state of society, which he derives largely also, and perhaps too confidently, from the two poems of Homer; of the Asiatic empires and the antecedent history of the Persian wars, for which Herodotus is in the main to be credited, and also in the main to be debited. That part of the second volume which is assigned to the story of modern Greece and the condition of the Hellenes under Turkish rule, together with the late struggle in which a part of Greece has succeeded in throwing off the Mohammedan yoke, and thereby securing a certain degree of freedom

and the old culture, will prove quite as attractive as any other part to the general reader, not because it is very well written, but because the later centuries of Hellenic history, not being in any sense dramatic or suggestive of the old Grecian spirit, have been but lightly touched upon by the historians.

Whittier's Latest Poems.*

IN opening a new volume of Whittier, we have the pleasant assurance of finding certain qualities of gentle piety, earnest sympathy with the patriotic efforts of men stronger than himself, and a subdued tinge of kindly Quakerism pervading the whole. In "The King's Missive, and Other Poems," we are neither surprised by any originality of thought or expression, nor disappointed in our expectation of a soothing mediocrity of style and sentiment. Mr. Whittier has by his long and blameless life devoted to pure and high literary aims earned the respect and admiration of American readers, and we can only say of the present volume that it neither adds to nor detracts from his well-established reputation. The title-poem is a Quaker ballad written with the author's accustomed half colloquial simplicity and facility; and the book includes two or three other ballads, some sonnets, and a few occasional poems more or less graceful and appropriate, such for instance as the verses to Dr. Holmes, those entitled "A Name," and the "Inscription on a Sun-Dial." The best poem in the collection, to our thinking, is the "Dead-Feast of the Kol-Folk," which is terse, strong, and suggestive. If we were criticising a younger writer, we should be inclined to speak with severity of the negligence which results in such an apology for a rhyme as "thirst" and "dust," and in such a grammatical error as the use of "run" for "ran" in the last verse of "Abram Morrison." But as Mr. Whittier's readers probably care more for a pious spirit in poetry than for skill in metrical workmanship, it is scarcely worth while even to designate these superficial faults.

Recent Fiction.

THERE is nothing of what has been known as the distinctive charm of Mr. Black's stories in his new novel, though "Sunrise"† has a new and stronger charm of its own. Ulva, the green shored, no longer laughs out to the clear skies, nor does Fladda answer from over the dark water; the very sunrise is purely metaphorical. Except one glorious midday at Venice and one lovely morning at Naples, there are no descriptions of scenery, and the events occur in those dingy thoroughfares and small close rooms of London, and usually, too, on the damp and foggy nights, which we have hitherto considered Mr. Black's pet aversions. The interest is purely, vitally human; nor does it centre in one individual, as in the four hundred pages which were devoted to the love-episode in the life of McLeod of Dare. The widest questions of duty, morality, justice, and social economy, are suggested. It is hard to see how Mr. Black could know enough of what he writes about secret societies without belonging to one, in which case disclosure would not be allowable; yet it is also hard to believe that he has written without knowing. Certainly, he has done good service in revealing the private intrigues which govern so largely the actions of societies supposed to be devoted to the interests of the people; yet it is strange that after giving a deep impression of the personal vindictiveness, the liability to mistake, and especially the uselessness of such societies, he shows none the less at the close that he would sympathize with them if the death penalty, which is one of their features, were abolished. As a novel, "Sunrise" is thrilling. We are no longer expected to sympathize lightly with the fortunes of agreeable, gentlemanly young fellows, the misfortunes of high-spirited but wilful young ladies, or the occasional emptiness of Queen Titania's larder; we are introduced at once to heroes and heroines—to people breathing the wide air of human interests and passions broader than their own. It is many a day since any novelist has drawn so fine a character as Natalie Lind, at once noble and charming, passionate and simple—a heroine and a woman.

We have learned to expect from Mary Cecil Hay novels quite above the average, and her collection of short stories‡ does not disappoint us. Even hackneyed material she turns to favor and to prettiness, and one need never expect from the elements of her

* Power of Movement in Plants. By Charles Darwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present. By T. T. Timayenis. With maps and illustrations. Two vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* The King's Missive, and Other Poems. By J. G. Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Sunrise. By William Black. Library Edition and Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ Under Life's Key, and Other Stories. By Mary Cecil Hay. Franklin Square Library, Harper & Brothers.

plot any of the usual *dénouements*. We have, it must be confessed, always the same heroine, but one so truly a heroine that we are glad to meet her again and again. We are not only told that she is charming, but we feel her charm, and it is always that of the "ever-womanly." If there is any inartistic touch in the present book, it is that the family are left a little too merry at the close of the first story; even restoration of confidence between husband and wife and the birth of another heir could hardly make all things as they were before the loss of confidence and the death under peculiarly trying circumstances of three other sons and heirs.

Minor Notices.

There are few subjects more attractive just now, than those which touch upon the arrangement and decoration of houses. Since Mr. Eastlake's book appeared in England, and Mr. Cook's "The House Beautiful," was published in New York, there has been a great change in household taste. Rugs that were made gay with pictures from natural history have given place to the work of oriental looms, and we are no longer afraid of stepping on the tail of a white Bengal tiger, or crushing the neck of a blue swan. People began to see, some five years ago, that there should be a fitness in household things, and to believe that a display of common-sense in furnishing a dwelling is better in the long run than a display of wealth. Who does not remember with horror the window-curtains of ten years ago that were only fashionable when they lay some two or three feet on the floor? If taste has not improved since those days it is not for want of books on the subject. The last that has appeared* is by Robert W. Edis, an English architect of repute, who delivered the Cantor lectures before the Society of Arts in London last year. These lectures form the groundwork of the present volume, but they have been greatly extended for the purposes of the book. Mr. Edis confines his remarks to town houses, for the reason that "those who live in towns are to a certain extent more dependent on the art work in their houses for any pleasure or charm of eye" than those who live in the country. His hints are, in the main, practical, and he argues that it costs no more to have good furniture and decoration than it does to have bad. In proof of this he quotes the prices of many articles. As his book is English, and the shops to which he directs his readers are in London, this is of little practical use to Americans, except, perhaps, to those who want to send abroad for their furniture—a plan few would adopt when better things can be had here. There are points on which we must question Mr. Edis's taste, such, for instance, as his advice to paint the stone floors of hallways if they are intrinsically ugly. Better ugly stones than paint. Such a thing is as repugnant as the whitewashed tree-trunks that stand guard around farm-houses. The book is illustrated with numerous designs. There is no attempt to make artistic pictures; they aim merely to illustrate the descriptions.

No one who reads Lady Florence Dixie's "Across Patagonia,"† can doubt her ability to serve in South Africa as war correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. She certainly has the courage and the tireless energy necessary for the position, and few trained correspondents wield a brighter pen. Nothing escapes her acquisitive eye, and she knows just what part of her experiences the public will find the most entertaining. The drawbacks most ladies would find in acting as war correspondent would only serve as stimulants to Lady Florence. Out of the material to be found in peaceful Patagonia she has made a delightful book. There were plenty of hardships to be endured, but she bore them like a man, and counted it a luxury to lie on a blanket with a saddle for a pillow. Why should a lady, particularly one of rank and fashion, want to rough it in a strange land? many will ask. Lady Florence answers this question in her first chapter. The duties of rank and fashion palled upon her. She wanted to breathe the air of a new country, and share the excitements of its life. To be sure, she rode to hounds in Scotland; but that was child's play compared to chasing the guanaco and the ostrich across their native pampas. And then, in Scotland, Lady Florence rode in petticoats, while in Patagonia she rode in trousers.

It is long since Dr. Johnson advised whomsoever would perfect his style to study the writings of Addison. No better advice could be given to the essayist of the present day; not that no

later writer has successfully departed from the forms of the *Spectator* but none has designed a model that can be adopted with less harm to the writer's originality. It is the purity of the English, the simplicity of the imagery, the easy elegance of movement that give Addison's style its charm, and one might copy these with sedulous care without sacrificing his own individuality. It is not to the would-be essayist, however, but to the general reader that Dr. Green addresses this handy volume*—the outgrowth of an affection that dates from the author's boyhood, when, with *Spectator* in hand, he lingered beneath the trees that border "Addison's Walk," at Magdalen College. In an introduction that sketches the state of literature in England during the period that followed the Revolution of 1688, he tells why he confined his task to the reproduction of the lighter essays of Addison. His course would seem to need no defence. "My aim," he says, "has been to give what was still living in his work, and whatever their interest may be to readers of tastes like my own, I feel that to the bulk of readers his politics and his criticisms are dead. And for the same reason, but at still greater risk of censure, I have given none of his moral or theological essays." We see nothing to censure in a principle of selection that gives us the best and only the best of the volumes edited.

Mrs. Lamb's bulkier work† is in no sense a rival of Knickerbocker's "History of New York." She views the subject from another standpoint than Washington Irving's; and though her style never suggests that of the genial humorist, it is light enough to recommend her book to readers who take little interest in archaeology. In the comparatively short life of the metropolis there have been picturesque scenes and striking incidents enough to brighten the pages of any chronicle; and these have been made the objects of Mrs. Lamb's research. In her labor of love, she has had facilities not enjoyed by all her predecessors for obtaining innumerable facts concerning the rise and fall of New York families; and, however slight the historical importance of such chronicles may be, they belong to a class of literature that wins more readers than are caught by more pretentious treatises. The appearance of these two huge volumes in half the libraries of New York, is only a question of time.

Mrs. Wister and the Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8, 1881.

To the Editor of the Critic:

SEVERAL years ago Mrs. Wister published a translation of Wilhelmine von Hillern's "Arzt der Seele," under the title of "Only a Girl, or the Physician of the Soul." Following her usual custom she did not consider herself bound to any slavish fidelity to the text, but where a change or an omission seemed to her an improvement she made it. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has recently taken hold of the same story, has rebaptized it "Ernestine," and has issued an English translation which he claims as his own. He, too, has taken certain liberties with the text, but strange to say, his emendations are exactly the same as Mrs. Wister's: where she changes, he changes; where she omits, he omits. More than this, although the first few pages of Mr. Baring-Gould's book are entirely different from Mrs. Wister's—so studiously different, indeed, as to afford only another evidence of a deliberate attempt at imposition—with the third chapter an extraordinary resemblance begins to develop itself between the two versions until the English gradually merges into an almost verbal transcript of the American. A poem on page 284 of the second volume of "Ernestine" is given word for word, as in Mrs. Wister's translation. And not only does the reverend gentleman make no acknowledgment whatever of his indebtedness, but he has the coolness to say in his preface that "this story of extraordinary power and pathos . . . has deserved translation before this." It is only proper to add that although "Ernestine" has just been brought out in this country by William S. Gottsberger, that gentleman was unaware of these peculiarities of the English version at the time he issued it, and was, indeed, misled by the new title into believing it a new work that had not before been translated.

W. S.

* Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses. A Series of Cantor Lectures, delivered before the Society of Arts in 1880. Amplified and enlarged. By Robert W. Edis. New York: Scribner & Welford.

† Across Patagonia. By Lady Florence Dixie. With Illustrations from Sketches by Julius Beerbohm. New York: R. Worthington.

* Essays of Joseph Addison. Chosen and Edited by John Richard Green, M.A. LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

† History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress. By Martha J. Lamb. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

A new American novel will soon be added to the Leisure Hour Series.

"Picturesque America" is announced in England by Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

The political brochure, "Solid for Mulhooly," has sold to the extent of ten thousand copies.

Ellen Risdale's "Personal Reminiscences of Sister Dora," will be published by Roberts Bros.

A fifth edition of "John Swinton's Travels" is going through the press. It will be called "Paris and London."

D. Appleton & Co. will publish "Loukis Laras: Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the War of Independence."

"The British Colonies in America," by Henry Cabot Lodge, and "Coriolanus," in Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare, will be published by Harper & Bros. in April.

A hint has been thrown out concerning some unpublished poems by Shelley. The owner of the MSS. is dead, and his heirs will in all probability publish the volume.

Bishop Doane, of Albany, has written an article on Father Hyacinth which will appear in the April *Scribner's*. It will be accompanied by a portrait engraved by Cole.

Mr. Swinburne, who has written a great deal of critical prose of late, is engaged upon an elaborate article on Keats, for the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the third volume of Professor Moses Coit Tyler's "History of American Literature." It will be devoted to the period of the Revolution.

Owing to the backwardness of the season in the West, the Spring book trade sale will be a few days behind time. Instead of opening on the 7th of April, as heretofore, it will not begin until the 14th.

Jas. R. Osgood & Co. are paying special attention to art books. They have already published Sensier's *Millet* with success, and now they announce Louis Gonse's "Life of Eugène Fromentin," recently reviewed in these columns.

The library of the late Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D., will be sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co. on the 18th of April. Dr. Chapin's collection consists of some 10,000 volumes, mostly English editions of modern books. The actual cost of the library was very near \$50,000.

James Geikie, author of "The Great Ice Age," has just published, under the title of "Prehistoric Europe," what he calls "a geological sketch," of nearly six hundred large octavo pages. The publishers in this country are J. B. Lippincott & Co.

M. Jules Claretie has gathered into a bulky volume the admirable "chroniques" which he has been contributing for a year or so to the *Temps*. The book is called "La Vie à Paris." The chief literary critic of the *Temps* is M. Edmond Schérer. Its dramatic critic is M. Francisque Sarcey. It was in the *Temps* that M. Legouvé first published his excellent lectures on the art of reading.

A French translation of Miss Alcott's "Jack and Jill" is to appear shortly in Paris. Mr. Hughes, who put "Helen's Babies" into French, is now rendering into that language certain other of Mr. John Habberton's stories, which are publishing in Madame Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*.

The next number of *Lippincott's* will contain an article on "M. Emile Zola and the Present Tendencies of French Drama," in which an attempt is made to forecast the immediate future of dramatic art in France and to consider the exact influence of M. Zola's noisily-paraded principles.

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop is preparing an article on Social and Literary Philadelphia for *Harper's Magazine*. He will find more material for social than literary gossip. Indeed, unless he goes back to the days of Franklin and Logan, we do not see where he is going to find any literary material at all in that city.

The Longfellow Birthday Book, published on the poet's eightieth birthday, by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., is a happy thought. The

book is very prettily got up, the gray cover, particularly, being neat and attractive. The portrait, an excellent one, represents the poet in profile, a new pose that we are thankful for.

Miss de Forrest, the head of the art department of the Boston Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home, has written "A short History of Art," founded on Lubke's exhaustive work. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish it late in the spring. They will also publish next month, a student's edition of Lubke at half the price of the first edition.

The first of the long-expected Talleyrand memoirs is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons for publication early this spring. The *Athenæum* says that it is entitled "Talleyrand and Louis XVIII.," and consists of the correspondence of these two celebrities during the Congress of Vienna. Talleyrand describes the notable persons there, including Wellington and Castlereagh. The book will be published simultaneously in England, France, and America.

The editor of *Appleton's Journal* has assumed the rôle of an iconoclast. Last month he demolished with clever argument the theory that women's intuitions are superior to those of men. This month he denies that they possess "tact," and quotes instances to prove that this is a quality belonging almost exclusively to men.

Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, of Philadelphia, who has just returned from Europe, brings with her a volume of poems which G. W. Carleton & Co. will publish in a few days. Under the name Mrs. H. O. Ward, Mrs. Moore a few years ago published a volume called "Sensible Etiquette," which has run through several editions.

The Jefferson Davis memoirs will be ready for publication within a month. Mr. Davis has been actively engaged in the preparation of these volumes for four years. He has done his work very carefully. The original MS. is in his own handwriting, and the copy made by his secretary for the printer was afterward read by him. Every proof-slip has passed through his hands.

Frederic Martin's life of Carlyle, the most important after the autobiography, will probably be published in this country by D. Appleton & Co.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have just issued the new edition of Worcester's Dictionary, with supplementary matter. They have also brought out a new edition of Lanier's Florida, revised to date, and the Rev. W. Lucas Collin's monograph on Butler, which forms the second volume of their Philosophical Classics. The third volume, "Berkeley," by Prof. Fraser, is well under way.

When the *Harvard Lampoon* laid down the pencil it has recently resumed, the colleges of the country were left without a paper regularly giving space to occasional satiric illustrations. Of late the *Columbia Spectator* offered itself as an applicant for the vacant office, and in each of its recent numbers there have been three or four drawings, of which one has been generally a

"cartoon" on a college topic, while the rest are more or less successful attempts at society sketches of the Du Maurier and Keene type.

J. W. Bouton announces a publication that will prove attractive to all lovers of beautiful books. It is a portfolio of drawings in color, by Walter Crane, entitled "The First of May; a Masque." There will be fifty-seven plates in a portfolio designed by Mr. Crane, of which number fifty-two are "marked on title," and signed by the artist. The edition is limited to five hundred copies. Two hundred will be first proofs (23½ x 17 inches at \$75 a portfolio), and three hundred second proofs (18 x 15 at \$45). No more will be printed on India paper, and when half are sold the price will be raised twenty-five per cent. The drawings will be exhibited this coming season at the rooms of the Fine Art Society in London. Mr. Bouton also announces the publication of "Ornamental Jewelry of the Renaissance," to be completed in three parts.

Harper's Magazine for April is out to-day. It is a capital number. In the Easy Chair, Mr. Curtis takes a kind farewell of the late Lord Dundreary. In the May *Harper's* will appear an article on George Eliot, illustrated by a portrait of the great novelist, and a paper on "Music and Musicians in New York," by Frederick Nast, with fourteen illustrations.



Mrs. G. Carleton.

G. Carleton.

(From the Maclise Gallery.)

The Critic

Published Fortnightly. Office, No. 757 Broadway. Entered as Second-class Mail Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1881.

THIS has been an unusually busy spring among the publishers. Not only have they brought out a great many books, but most of them are books of more than passing interest. From Messrs. Harper & Bros. we have had Dr. Abel Stevens's *Life of Mme. de Staël*—the most thorough yet written—and Dr. Arthur Mitchell's "*The Past in the Present*." D. Appleton & Co. have published Darwin's "*Power of Movement in Plants*," and will publish Jefferson Davis's *Memoirs* next month; and Bancroft's new volume of the *History of the United States* will probably follow later. Charles Scribner's Sons published the Carlyle autobiography on Tuesday last, and will issue the two additional volumes of the *Metternich Memoirs* to-day. They will also publish the Talleyrand letters and the life of John Delane, late Editor of the *London Times* very soon, probably next month. In Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have brought out a new volume of Whittier's poems and a new volume of Thoreau's journals. We mention these facts to show that the publishing business is not so dull in the Spring as it is generally supposed to be, and that this year it is unusually active.

THE RESTORATION OF WORKS OF ART.

HOR as the controversy has been on the question whether or no General di Cesnola has wilfully altered certain statuettes in the collection he made in Cyprus, and violent as are the charges on either side, a public indifferent to the interests of either party can draw certain conclusions. One, and the most obvious, is that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The public will be the gainer; for whether General di Cesnola did or did not have objects in his collection scrubbed, filed, chiselled, and painted, it is certain that the practice is common among antiquarians deficient in taste or in honesty. Such discussions, therefore, as we have been lately treated to will serve as a warning to those who alter antiques either with wilful intent to deceive, or because they ignorantly fancy that the objects are improved thereby. Unless we see such articles as they appeared fresh from the earth, the chances of deciding upon their relative age, for instance, which are in any case extremely few, reach a minimum. Restorations, even to the slight degree of smoothing surfaces, interfere so seriously with their value as historical documents that no cautious investigator will tolerate them. Artistically considered, the crime of furbishing up antiques is not less heinous. Where one sculptor may see in the modelling of an image nothing which excites his admiration or proves in any way suggestive, and may possibly be barbarous enough to advise an alteration, another artist may detect beauties which will help him to create something worth having. There is also a beauty which comes of old age, and sometimes glorifies a mediocre work into an object of just admiration. A thousand examples are seen at the Metropolitan Museum in the glass articles discovered at Cyprus. It is Time that has shed the wonderful lustre over those insignificant perfume-pots and lacrymaries. If, therefore, a stone bust be touched up here and there with emery-paper which removes the fine bloom of centuries and smooths down the inequalities that minute plants or insects have traced in its surface—and then treated with a brush full of paint of the discreetest tint, the result is one which may commend itself to a lady of Holland, but sets an artist to tearing his hair. That General di

Cesnola has done this to certain of his statuettes seems possible. Some of them have a smoothed, one-colored look, which makes a person think, either that the articles are of recent fabrication, or that the spirit of orderliness and neatness has carried the General so far that the result is a loss in finer artistic value. If either of these surmises be true, it must be the latter; for the honesty and value of the collection itself is not only known to the world, but plainly visible in its inherent merits. The vindication of General di Cesnola by the Museum affects the matter much less than is supposed. Though Mr. Feuardent had made a wrong charge on a specific article, the objection to General di Cesnola's course might very well have foundation on the broad ground of æsthetics.

As to the merits of the combatants, they are pretty evenly balanced. As an archaeologist, Mr. Feuardent probably has no equal in America, by a very long gap. On the other hand, General di Cesnola has a very fair record before the public, and is held to be a most estimable gentleman by a number of the trustees of the Museum, and by others less interested. We are forced, therefore, to conclude, in the absence of further evidence, that the quarrel resolves itself into a question of taste and judgment. Finding a treasure does not teach a man how to take care of it. If, like so many of his fellow-countrymen, General di Cesnola has, in one or two cases, exceeded the right bounds in cleansing and brightening his images, we are sure that so far the matter is not very grave. But the warning comes none too soon. And in this connection is it not fairer to the General to remember that the public for whom he was to display his collection is by no means of a high æsthetic taste, and might possibly be induced to relish a well-burnished image, while it would only feel disgust for a rough and mildewed bust? Suppose a vote were taken, even among well-educated persons of New York alone, is there much question that the party of the emery-paper and the file would outvote the party of *Noli me tangere*?

The Metternich Memoirs.

WE regret that it is impossible in this number of THE CRITIC to do more than acknowledge the receipt of the two new volumes of the *Metternich Memoirs*. They deal principally with the internal affairs of the Austrian Empire in the years 1816 and 1817; the period of the Congresses, 1812 to 1822; and the complications arising from the Russian advance upon Turkey, ending in 1829. The succeeding volumes, we are told in the preface, will embrace the period from the July Revolution of 1830 to the retirement of Prince Metternich in 1848; also the last twenty years of the Prince's life. To the general reader the present volumes will commend themselves by their richness in recollections. The Prince's letters were written to his wife and intimate friends, to whom he spoke freely about the distinguished persons whom he knew. On September 23d, 1834, he writes: "Louis XVIII. is dead, and there is nothing more to be said in the matter. What, some years ago, would have been a great event, has now no significance. The world is nowadays so far better that kings can die undisturbed. The old king was a feeble ruler; if he had been a private gentleman he would probably have shared many of the errors of the age." He speaks his mind very freely about Napoleon Bonaparte, whom he studied long and diligently, and he takes a very different view of Mme. de Staël from that of Dr. Abel Stevens.

Mr. John Burroughs, who has severely criticised some modern poets for errors in their allusions to out-of-door objects, says that Shakespeare seldom or never makes a mistake in his references to Nature.

GEORGE ELIOT.

PASS on, O world, and leave her to her rest !
 Brothers, be silent while the drifting snow
 Weaves its white pall above her, lying low
 With empty hands crossed idly on her breast.
 O, sisters, let her sleep ! while unexpressed
 Your pitying tears fall silently and slow,
 Washing her spotless, in their crystal flow,
 Of that one stain whereof she stands confessed.
 Are we so pure that we should scoff at her,
 Or mock her now, low lying in her tomb ?
 God knows how sharp the thorn her roses wore,
 Even what time their petals were astir
 In the warm sunshine, odorous with perfume.
 Leave her to Him who weighed the cross she bore !

JULIA C. R. DORR.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

HOTEL VICTORIA, March 8, 1881.

To the Editor of the Critic :

You ask me to send you an article upon Miss Genevieve Ward in "Forget-Me-Not," and I refer you to a recent *Tribune* in which Mr. William Winter has exhausted the subject. When a thing has been well done, it seems to me an utter waste of time and brains to do that particular thing over again. I won't express an elaborate opinion of Miss Ward's able performance, but I'll do what is much better. I'll jot down a bit of dramatic history that is not without interest. Between ourselves, I take a little pride in thinking that, in a certain sense, I discovered "Forget-Me-Not." But let me begin at the beginning, with Herman Merivale's first great success, "All For Her." He had previously produced "The White Pilgrim," undramatic but poetically fine. Though the few went to the Court Theatre to praise it, and Hermann Vezin won plaudits for his performance therein, the multitude stayed away. Managers admitted that Merivale was "clever, very, but don't you see, he writes too well. There's no money in him." Consequently Merivale's unacted plays were regarded with little managerial favor.

Now, once upon a time, a certain youth was sent to Cambridge, England, to study for the Church, and, on refusing to take orders, he was exiled to Bonn University where he passed far more time in building castles than in poring over text-books. He dreamed of writing a novel the hero of which should be a man apparently given up to dissipation, but at last redeemed by unselfish love for a pure woman. Enthusiastic over the idea, the young Englishman sat down to write his novel, but discovered a wide difference between conception and execution. His novel didn't turn out as he expected. Going back to England, the incorrigible youth followed the bent of his inclination, went upon the stage, and thought his idea might take the form of a drama. Again he made an attempt, but the drama read no better than the novel. Chancing upon Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," he exclaimed, "Why, this is my story ! This is just what I want. Sidney Carton is the man I've been carrying about in my head and have never been able to put on paper." To me "The Tale of Two Cities" is the greatest book Dickens ever wrote. As a vivid record of the Reign of Terror, it deserves to be placed beside Carlyle's "French Revolution."

Obtaining Dickens's permission to appropriate the character of Sidney Carton, the persistent young actor went to Palgrave Simpson with his idea and such bits of Dickens's language as he wished to embody. It was not long before the veteran dramatist evolved a Jacobite story with Hugh Trevor (a second Sidney Carton) as the hero. Clever as

Palgrave Simpson is in plot, he is less successful in dialogue ; hence, a brilliant young barrister, Herman C. Merivale, descendant of a distinguished literary family, was called in for collaboration. Merivale's plays are notable for the beauty of their language ; consequently, when the drama, christened "All For Her," left his hands, it was as good in dialogue as in plot. As it had taken four men to create "All For Her"—the actor, Dickens, Palgrave Simpson, and Merivale—and as it never would have been born but for the persistency of the first, Simpson and Merivale presented him with their joint work. Delighted with his possession, the young actor, who is known to the world as John Clayton, went in search of a manager and endured the snubbing invariably bestowed upon any beggar who goes about with a manuscript. I wonder how scribblers dare to write when they know what nuisances they make of themselves by wanting to get printed, or be put upon the stage. They ought to be exterminated. Managers sniffed at "All For Her." There was nothing in it. "It's about Jacobites," said one, "and there's no money in Jacobites." Alas, and alas ! It was the old, old story of rejected addresses. I fancy that if Shakspeare had not been a manager, he'd have gone down to his grave without having seen one of his plays acted. He'd have been told that "Hamlet" was the ravings of a maniac. "Why should I bother myself to write a play," said a celebrated English author recently. "Publishers jump down my throat for a novel. When I write a play, I've got to beg managers to look at it and then, ten chances to one, they'll reject it." "All For Her" found no friends, and was put away in a drawer—the place where good things ought to go. That was eleven years ago.

In the autumn of 1876 the Mirror Theatre in High Holborn, London, opened with a failure. Losing money at the rate of \$1500 per week, the manager threatened to close the doors. In the company was John Clayton. Now was his chance. Might his drama have a trial ? Well, matters couldn't be worse. They might be better. And so, with a few rehearsals, "All For Her," was hustled on the stage. On the first night of representation, the public set upon it the seal of enthusiastic approbation, the next day's papers endorsed the public's verdict, the fortunes of the theatre changed in a week, and "All For Her," ran through an entire season.

The fate of "Forget-Me-Not" is not unlike that of its predecessor. It was in London, in 1877, that I first read this play, a copy being sent to me by Mr. John Clayton after the success of "All For Her." I read "Forget-Me-Not" with great interest, and felt its power, though, in its original form, it is not as clever as in Miss Ward's acting edition. It was so French as to seem to be a translation, yet I knew it to be English. The dialogue delighted, while the force and glitter of the heroine fascinated me. It was a unique character. On closing the book I said to myself, "Here's a play that will make the right woman's fortune, but it *must* be the right woman." Then "Forget-Me-Not" was put aside, though not forgotten. Two years later, Miss Genevieve Ward became lessee of the Lyceum in London for a short summer season, and produced a drama called "Zillah." Despite all her efforts, it failed. It couldn't help failing. It was grand, gloomy, and so peculiar as to be incomprehensible. As a muddle, it was magnificent. As a drama, it was a burlesque. What was to be done ? Good plays are as rare as that noblest work of God, an honest man. Calling upon Miss Ward the day following the début of "Zillah," she said to me, while discussing the necessity of a change of bill, "I've received a note from Herman Merivale. He wants to read a play to me." "Herman Merivale !" I exclaimed, "he's very, very clever. If he wants to read 'Forget-Me-Not' don't write. Telegraph at once that

you'll hear it." Miss Ward communicated with Mr. Merivale. It was "Forget-Me-Not." Read, rehearsed and brought out in a week, the play that had long been rejected and despised, redeemed Miss Ward's season, gave her an opportunity to show her ability in its best light, and caused her engagement at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where from February until July, 1880, her creation of the heroine drew the town and set tongues wagging. Had "Zillah" been a success, "Forget-Me-Not" might still be waiting for an audience. The evil genius of one is the good fortune of another.

KATE FIELD.

The Duties of Women.*

THERE is a womanly charm about Frances Power Cobbe's views on "The Duties of Women." She is the kind of reformer that men, callous to the appeals of sentimental agitators, and prejudiced against every form of the woman's rights question, must yet listen to with respect and agreement. This volume of recent London lectures breathes an ennobling influence, and it would be difficult to say whether it will do women more good by its simple common-sense doctrines of private and social character and conduct, than men by the quiet and graceful yet telling contempt for their attitude with respect to the causes and reform of weak points in the character and station of women. She is severe upon women for many faults, large and small, alleged to be characteristic of the sex. If a man were to enumerate them with equal candor, he would be called a bear, and his words would fall unheeded. Mrs. Cobbe, with lady-like deference, withholds her Amazonian opinion of men, but scatters some faint praise that is almost as bad as vitriol throwing. Her theory of reform asks nothing for women that they will not show themselves morally and mentally strong enough to take for themselves. She asks no help from men, but would have women so obedient to the highest dictates of religious, personal, and social duty, so true to their common interests, as to become an invincible moral force in the world, capable of dictating equality of the sexes in public affairs—a condition which, she thinks, offers the best hope for the moral and spiritual interests of humanity.

Sermons by the late Dr. Chapin.

THE two volumes † before us give peculiar evidence of Dr. Chapin's earnest purpose, his breadth of view, his extensive knowledge; above all, of the natural vigor of his style, which is almost identical in quality in his written and extemporaneous discourses. When we think of the hostility that surrounded his early ministry, of the undeviating onward course of his charitable teachings, and of the homage finally paid to his memory by leading men of other denominations, we are made to feel that Dr. Chapin's was a mission of catholic import—something for society in general to recognize and work up to. There is very little in these two books that would offend the theological instincts of orthodox churchmen of to-day. Perhaps because, in the strict sense, there is almost no theology in them. His creed was simple and full of heart: "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God;" and his negations were limited mainly to the denial of the old doctrine of eternal punishment, and the existence of "any dogmatic criterion by which any body of Christians may be infallibly known as exclusively the true Church."

THE FINE ARTS

A New Life of Raphael.‡

Whether it was that Vasari wrote so full an account of Raphael, or that the fame of the great citizen of Urbino was such that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," it is a fact that, until Quatremère de Quincy, in 1814, published his life, the multitude of books on Raphael

contained nothing but a revamping of Vasari's statements. Passavant of Frankfurt followed in 1839 and produced the best, as well as the most extensive work on that painter, architect, and archaeologist who, at the age of thirty-seven, rivalled in fame Michael Angelo and Leonardo. To undertake a new life of Raphael is therefore proof of courage in the biographer, especially since the splendid translation, (Paris 1860,) from the German of Passavant with annotations by M. Paul Lacroix seemed to present all that was to be said. In regard to the main facts everything had been said; a new examiner would only be able either to arrange the material on a plan which produces more agreeable results, or to please the reader by beauty of style, or to show the old facts in a new light. Without being heavy, the style of M. Eugène Muntz is not remarkable for brilliancy; he has a soberness of statement that may be termed Germanic, if from our ideas of German literary style abstraction be made of authors like Heine, Richter, or Scherr, who are as extravagant as the most lively of Frenchmen. M. Muntz is a most deliberate writer. He seems to have felt beforehand that his words were to be printed on wide-margined pages, handsome of type, wherein haste or zeal of any kind would be out of place. Perhaps it behooves a Laureate of the Institute and a Librarian of the Ecole des Beaux Arts to move with dignity and to give utterance with circumspection to such ideas as he may have to offer. The ideas, or rather the new treatment of the old facts, which we have given as another of the three needs in a fresh biographer of Raphael, are not wanting, although M. Muntz is conservative as regards the main source of information, (Vasari,) and goes even farther than Passavant in warning students of the history of art against the too light judgment of inaccuracy usually passed upon him. Vasari has been going through much the same ordeal as Herodotus. To a naïve acceptance of every fable as gospel truth succeeded an over-smart denial of pretty much everything he says. At the present day we awake to see that such chroniclers are not liars by deliberation, but were affected naturally by their age and surroundings in such a way that they sometimes state things inaccurately, but for the most part and on the main points, are quite correct. As to the third desideratum of a biographer of Raphael, the arrangement of the material on a new plan, hearty praise should be given to M. Muntz. He has grasped the whole subject and subordinated the parts. As a painter will pull together widely different colors and submit the whole picture to a glazing that subdues to the general tone the parts that were discordant, so his quietly progressive method of dealing with the life, works, and surroundings of Raphael, gives a value to the volume which the far more original treatise of Passavant does not possess.

It would be interesting to know to what extent the pre-Raphaelite revolt of Overbeck, Cornelius, and their followers, and the similar movement which took place with altered aims and effects in England, have had an echo in the views of a librarian of the Beaux Arts and Laureate of the French Institute. It is plain that M. Muntz does not adopt a servile attitude toward the fame of Raphael, as when, for example, in speaking of the Adoration of the Magi in the Vatican, he contrasts it with the same scene painted in Florence nearly a hundred years before by Gentile da Fabriano. "Here, one must confess, Gentile has surpassed his young rival. In his picture, the eldest of the Magi, prostrated before the child Jesus with marks of the deepest respect, humbly kisses his foot. The child in turn gravely places his hand on the old man's head. The scene, which is heightened in effect by the brilliant costumes, has a solemnity which is wanting to the picture by Raphael. It is like a last echo of the pompous processions of the Middle Ages." And in the chapter on the relation of Raphael to the classic art of antiquity, he bears more vigorously than any previous writer on the general and the particular effect which the works of ancient art, discovered in Rome and elsewhere, had upon the young Umbrian. In this he follows Vasari; but the latter, merely states the fact, he does not intimate or leave us to infer that it was unfortunate for Raphael that he should have been so much affected by the antique. The influence of antiquity showed itself in three different ways in Raphael's work: in change in his style; in imitation of certain antiques, pictures, bas-reliefs or statues; finally in the choosing of subjects from the mythology and history of the Greeks and Romans. Direct imitations of ancient models, chosen purely on account of their intrinsic beauty, are much more numerous than has been admitted to be the case hitherto. Raphael neglected nothing to surround himself with authentic documents. He had a bureau of correspondence for the furthering of the collection of antiques, when portable, and the collection of designs from antiques that where not to be removed. When he died, all Italy was excited over his plan to have Old Rome thoroughly mapped, described, designed and published. In the celebrated *stanse* of the Vatican, "the multiplicity of objects borrowed from the statuary of the ancients really harms the spontaneity of their inspiration." Desirous above all things to get on fast, his disciples, Julio Romano, Penni, Perino del Vaga, looked upon antiquity as an arsenal from which they could take what they needed, and which spared them the trouble of inventing. "Perhaps it was the fault of these little-enlightened disciples that in the cartoons for the tapestries woven in Flanders for the Sistine Chapel certain

* The Duties of Women. A course of Lectures by Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: George H. Ellis.

† The Church of the Living God and other Sermons. By Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D. New York: James Miller.

‡ God's Requirements and other Sermons. By Rev. E. H. Chapin. New York: James Miller.

§ Raphael: La Vie, son Œuvre et son Temps. Par Eugène Muntz. Paris: Librairie Hachette. New York: J. W. Bouton.

symbols occur which were greatly in vogue in classical antiquity, but entirely foreign to modern ideas. In the *stanza* called of the Signature and of Heliodorus, Raphael took pains not to mingle allegory with historical compositions. But in the *stanza* of Paul in Prison all of a sudden appears an earthquake symbolized by a giant who is raising up a mountain, while on the margins of the tapestries showing the Miraculous Draft of Fishes, the Martyrdom of St. Stephen and other Scriptural Scenes, we find Nymphs, river-gods, and towns symbolized by women wearing mural crowns, etc. These reminiscences of antique polytheism astound and shock one. Whence come, in the midst of scenes contemporary with the artist, these rivers reposing on their urn, or holding the traditional horn of plenty? They can only cause interest to be weakened, action to be paralyzed."

Such views of Raphael's art sound the more severe since they come from a biographer who does not stint admiration for his work otherwise. M. Muntz does not theorize much or attempt to explain points which need clearing up. He notes that, for his Madonnas and angels painted before he was subjected to the influence of Leonardo and Michael Angelo at Rome, Raphael used his fellow-students for the first sketches. Yet elsewhere he says that Raphael learned to express feminine beauty long before he knew how to express the qualities proper to man, force and pride, while Michael Angelo's women always had something masculine about them. He does not try to explain why the one learned to paint exquisite women from boy models and the other manly sibyls from Italian women of the Tuscan variety. Anyone who has seen the so-called Fornarina portrait in the Barberini Palace at Rome will be grateful to M. Muntz for expressing again the singular effect of emptiness which it shows. Beautifully painted, it is hardly a beautiful woman one sees, and the look out of her face is so dull and unpleasant that the inference is a mind within still duller and more unbeautiful. The name "Fornarina" has no foundation; a tradition asserts that her name was Marguerite, as to her existence or not in the relation to Raphael asserted by Vasari, neither side is taken by this biographer. M. Muntz is one of those who believe in the genuineness of the Apollo listening disdainfully to Marsyas, which is owned at Rome by Mr. Morris Moore and lately formed the topic of a paper by Mr. Clarence Cook in one of the leading magazines. He denies that Mr. C. C. Perkins was right in stating in "Raphael and Michael Angelo" (Boston, 1878), that Rome had but five statues at the middle of the fifteenth century and holds that Poggio, the authority for the statement, meant five statues set up on public squares, etc.

Fair and judicial minded, M. Muntz is just the man to sum up the life and works of Raphael and present the whole agreeably, both to students of art and general readers. Of fine plates there are more than forty in the volume, and of woodcuts of pictures or designs in facsimile, more than one hundred and fifty. Among the latter, one calls for exception; it represents the famous *loggia* of the Vatican ornamented with pictures and decorations in imitation of the "grotesque" or grotto pictures discovered in what were once houses on the Palatine Hill, but at the time of Raphael were caves among formless ruins. The picture gives the idea of arches taller than the galleries of the Louvre, whereas they are by no means of important size. There is no life of Raphael so complete in every part (it gives the substance of a curious treatise on architecture which Grimm and others deny to be by the hand of Raphael) and certainly none that so well fills the needs of the amateur of the fine arts.

Commander Gorringer's Treasures.

PEOPLE who live for some time in Egypt do not often secure veritable antiques; such as they may find are seldom beautiful in themselves. They may be curious, grotesque, valuable for historical or philological reasons, but almost never do they offer grateful lines or colors, or appeal in any way to the artistic sense. Commander Gorringer is an exception. An inspection of the small collection of bronzes and marbles he has brought from Egypt, and of the large and very beautiful collection of ancient gold and silver coins, goes to prove that he is much more of a person than would appear from his connection with the transportation of the obelisk—namely, a bold sailor and capable engineer. It proves him to be a man of taste and discrimination. There are curious things enough in his possession, but two objects he has brought over are in the highest degree beautiful. One is the *torso* of a man chiselled in red marble. Legs, arms, and head are wanting, but as in the case of that *torso* which was for Michael Angelo a point of artistic departure, this small sculpture (it is about half the size of life) is instinct with the vitality of art. The arms were evidently raised; the abdominal muscles and those on the front of the thighs are strained, as if the figure had been one of Marsyas trussed up against a tree preparatory to that flaying which he is fabled to have gained at the hands of jealous Apollo. Of greater perfection than this is a bronze Satyr, which looks as if it might be of the same epoch as the Marsyas. About a foot long, it is nevertheless a little marvel in the way of modeling. Small as it is, there is great breadth in its treat-

ment, not only of the muscles, but of the hair on the goat's legs. It cannot be called beautiful as a subject, but as artistically expressive of the mythological traits given to satyrs it is a masterpiece. Nothing could be more indicative of wickedness and malice than the turn of the head, the corners of the coarse mouth, the droop of the eyelids. In other parts it carries out without shame the ancient conceptions of the woodland deities, half favorable as promoting fertility, half noxious as overdoing in their savage vigor the right bounds of what is good and proper. These two pieces have the unmistakable look of true antiques of the highest kind—the look as if men no longer existed who could model figures so beautiful or so racy. They are small enough to have been easily transported from Greece, Southern Italy, or Greek Asia Minor into Egypt, but there is nothing in history to prevent the likelihood of a flourishing school of Greek art having existed in Egypt along with the revival of Greek scholarship and literature there, after Christ. The *torso* might belong to the first or second century A.D.

Concerning the Prize Card Competition.

NEWBURGH, March 7, 1881.

To the Editor of the Critic:

It seems to me rather unfair, or at least unkind, in artists of distinction to compete for such prizes as are offered by Mr. Prang. I presume the majority of the competitors are persons whose skill could never be put against that of Mr. Vedder or Mr. Coleman in a higher line of art-work; they are equal to what they here attempt, and to nothing more; they may not aspire to the prize of celebrity. To be the designer of the First Prize card is a comparatively small gratification to Mr. Vedder, while to those whom he has distanced it was something greatly worth striving for, and though \$1000 is not to be despised even by one whose work ranks high in the market, yet to the losers of it, it may well have been their sole chance of gaining a considerable sum. Considerations like these might have induced artists of repute to leave this field to the persons of smaller skill and talent, whose work, however marked by sentiment or fancy, could scarcely be supposed to match in technical qualities that of their distinguished rivals. While on the subject, it seems well to say that the judgment expressed by a critic in the New York *Tribune* in regard to these designs is undoubtedly sound. Designs for Christmas cards should by all means have something in them to denote their special purpose. This seems so obvious a truth it should not need to be urged, but one is amazed to see the quantity of meaningless bits of prettiness, or ugliness, offered to the public at Christmas as tokens suitable for the season. The critic above mentioned does not judge by his own rule, however, when it comes to noticing particular designs, or at least he does not apply his rule impartially.

F. F. R.

THE DRAMA

THERE are so many faults of adaptation in "Felicia, or Woman's Love," the new play at the Union Square, that it is hard to judge either of the purpose or the method of M. Albert Delpit, author of "Le Fils de Coralie," on which it is founded. The play has been done from French into English by the translator-in-ordinary of this theatre, who seems to have as imperfect a knowledge of one language as of the other. Nobody who understood French could turn the name of "Captain Daniel," which is at once baptismal and a surname, into that of "Captain John," which reveals the illegitimacy of its owner even to the servant who announces it at the door. Nobody who understood English would allow his text to bristle with absurd Gallisms. It may suit Mr. Palmer's purpose thus to mar the work of the distinguished foreign writers whom he introduces to America. That is his business. The more delicate and fastidious audiences to whom he appeals are sure to perceive in time that the language to which they have been listening is unworthy of the old Bowery Theatre, and, when they have perceived it, they are equally sure to abstain from visiting Mr. Palmer's theatre. That, again, is their business. One can readily see that in the hands of a deft playwright, like Mr. Boucicault, or in those of almost any man of wit, which is not a quality altogether wanting in American literature, "Le Fils de Coralie" would be made to afford abundant opportunities for laughter and for tears. In its present form, crushed out of all resemblance to the original, it will appeal to yawning spectators for a few weeks, and will then be speedily snuffed out of remembrance. Of all contemporary writers in France, M. Albert Delpit is perhaps the least able to stand rough treatment. His work is excessively dainty and finikin. He belongs to the school of Victor Cherbuliez and Alphonse Daudet, masters of miniature, whose art forsakes them when they essay it on larger canvasses. He is a novelist of the keenly observant, closely dissecting species, and though he knows how to develop his plot by the finest gradations, he has none of that dramatic gift which enables the showman to step aside and let the puppets work out their

story automatically. He is always posing. His cleverness is much too apparent. He thinks more of himself and of his wit than of his characters. The academy has crowned his volumes of poetry, in which these characteristics are not regarded as ungraceful; but his first three plays, "Robert Pradel," produced at the Odéon, "Jean-nu-Pieds," produced at the Vaudeville; and "Les Chevaliers de la Patrie," produced at the Théâtre Historique, received very scant mercy from Parisian audiences.

The scene of "Felicia, or Woman's Love," is laid in the provinces of France. The author had sketched a small Southern town of Montauban where everybody knew his neighbor and everybody submitted to the laws of a petty and parochial opinion. In such surroundings much trouble and heart-burning might spring from causes that would be incomprehensible in the metropolis. Among the notabilities of the place was M. Mornay (played by Mr. Parselle), and M. Mornay's archaeological museum was one of its glories. When strangers arrived they were at once told to visit the monument of Ingres, the cathedral, the Place Nationale, and the museum of M. Mornay. It had been furnished by contributions of pottery from all the neighboring kitchen-gardens, and its reputation had been established by a man of science who happened to find in it a veritable Roman relic. Among the other archaeological wonders of its owner were his maiden sister Eleanor and a sly old notary, one M. Ferri (played by Mr. Stoddart). The sister was romantic. She studied romances of chivalry and the novels of the First Empire. She thought that nothing could surpass the beauties of "Tpsiboe," by M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt. The notary was a cynic, who played backgammon with M. Mornay, and sneered at M. Mornay's collection. Among these curiosities grew up to womanhood the fair Dolores, daughter of the house. Suitors by the score had sought her hand. Two alone were thought to have a chance of success. One was an artist of the symphonic school (a silly caricature in the American version, played by Mr. Owen Fawcett). It was he who invented the theory of color-harmonies. It was he who guided the artistic taste of Montauban. "Delacroix!" said he. "He can't draw. Ingres! Where is his color? Rousseau and Millet! A couple of peasants. Jean Paul Laurens! An amateur." The other suitor was M. Cassagnac (All these names seem to have been borrowed by the adapter from the first French newspaper that came to hand). M. Cassagnac (played by Mr. de Belleville) was a man of the world. He had once been one of the noisiest rakes of Paris, and having inherited a fortune from his uncle had come down to Montauban to dazzle the provincial mind by the elegance of his manners. Would he win the hand of Dolores? The gossips were divided on the subject. Some voted for the artist, others for the man of the world. The maiden aunt was the first to perceive that Dolores favored neither, and that she had already bestowed her affections on Captain John (played by Mr. Thorne).

Who was Captain John? He was a young officer who had lately come to Montauban with a regiment of artillery. He was one of the modern school of soldiery—men of the study rather than the barrack-yard. He had a lively taste for natural history. He worshipped Darwin. He wrote a paper on "Heredity" for the Academy of Science. He had a million of francs and owned a neat little villa on the edge of the town. On the walls of his drawing-room hung rare specimens of the masters. On the walls of his bedroom were two pictures, more precious still. One was a rough sketch of Dolores, the other a portrait of the captain's aunt. The aunt was a very striking woman. She had sensual lips, green eyes, hair growing low upon the forehead, and other of those personal marks which M. Dumas, in one of his chaste little prefaces, attributes to the "Femme-Animal." She wore the rich brocade and high black cap of the women of Auvergne, and, being rich, she followed the fashion of the country, by wearing massive ornaments of gold on her arms and neck. Her nephew, determining to ask for Dolores' hand, had sent for her to come to Montauban and support his demand. He then set off to see M. Mornay, who received him in solemn council with the maiden sister. M. Mornay had from the first been favorable to his suit, and the maiden sister had frowned on it. John had come to make an unpleasant revelation. "My duty," said he, "is to hide nothing from you. I am rich but I have no family. I have neither father nor mother. I am a natural son." The confusion into which M. Mornay fell when he heard this is intelligible enough in the novel, where the limited sympathies and narrow intelligences of French provincials are delineated with great skill. On the stage it merely serves to retard the action. The maiden sister, thinking that there is a romance in the young man's life worthy of "Tpsiboe" and of M. d'Arlincourt, turns in his favor, overcomes the scruples of her brother, and announces over the whist-table that evening that Captain John is the affianced husband of Dolores. Mme. Dumont, the aunt (played by Rose Eyttinge), comes to ratify the agreement. She was more beautiful than her portrait had shown her to be; her manners were unassuming and marked by a distinction very rare among country folks. The Mornay household was charmed with her. So rich, so stately, and withal so modest, she was lauded as a paragon of virtue. Only

one person doubted her goodness. That one was M. Cassagnac. Where had he seen her before? The gallant of other days counted over his past triumphs. There was Mlle. Rita, who danced at the Opera; there was Mme. X., the fair fribble of a fashionable watering place; there was Felicia, the famous courtesan, who had ruined him—Felicia with her tresses of ebony, her green eyes . . . Green eyes! M. Cassagnac rose and looked Mme. Dumont in the face. Mme. Dumont was Felicia.

What is the fascination that drives French dramatists into studies of this class of woman? If one could take up a Paris play-bill of this evening, he would find that all the leading theatres are engaged in portraying episodes in the lives of *cocottes*, whether *cocottes* of society or *cocottes* of the streets. There is the "Princess of Bagdad" at the Français, a woman whose deplorable instincts point no moral whatever. There is "Nana" at the Ambigu, preaching the evangel of vaccination. There is "Jack" at the Odéon, another homily on maternal sin and filial expiation. M. Meilhac puts a coating of white-wash on "Phryne's" nudity at the Gymnase. Emile Augier's "Marriage d'Olympe," truest and bitterest satire of them all, has only just disappeared from the Vaudeville. "Zoe Chien-Chien" still walks the streets at the Théâtre des Nations. For weeks the French papers have been discussing, not the propriety, but the truth of M. Zola's play. Cora Pearl has become the heroine of the hour. Journalists have proclaimed that she is grossly libelled in "Nana," and that she had nothing in common with Blanche d'Antigny and other such vulgarities of the Bas-Empire. Others have been pathetically recalling the glories of beauties who have now passed away, the laces of Anna Deslions, the equipages of Caroline Letessier, the vanity of the Barucci. For the encouragement of this kind of literature it would be hard to hold M. Delpit and his fellows responsible, and yet there is no doubt that their studied works have determined the choice of subjects for half the pornographic papers in Paris. There was no need whatever to depict the character of Felicia. It had been done a dozen times before, and to the work of his predecessors M. Delpit had little to add. When the notary discovers that John is not Mme. Dumont's nephew but her son, he has long been anticipated by the spectators. The play depends entirely on the last scene of the third act. Though it is brought about much too slowly it is indisputably a fine scene. It gives Mr. Thorne and Miss Eyttinge their one opportunity. Captain John learns that an obstacle has risen between him and Dolores. Mme. Dumont knows that she can keep her secret no longer. "Is my name tarnished?" he asks her passionately. "If it be tarnished, how and by whom?" "By your mother," she replies. He stands dumb. "I lied to you," she continues; "your mother did not die when you were born. She lived in dishonor. Her name was Felicia." "What," he gasps in horror. "I the son of that vile creature." She falls at his feet. Her secret is out. She hears a low voice in her ear. "Then you are my mother. You are Felicia." As she kneels with bowed head, he thinks in one brief instant of all she has done for him; how she cared for him at school, how she watched by his bedside, how she wept as she sent him to the war and bade him do his duty. He raises her from the ground. "Whatever you have done, it is nothing to me. Others may blame you, but not I. Others may reproach you, but I will respect you." And the curtain falls slowly on the mother and son, clasped in a long embrace.

There has been such a marked divergence of opinion in the daily press with respect to the merits of "Cinderella at School," a new musical farce at Mr. Daly's Theatre, that the dazed public cannot do better than go to see it and settle the question for themselves. The *Herald* and *Tribune* say that the piece is trash; the *Times* and *World* say it is excellent fooling. Who shall decide? The audience laughed on the first night, and other audiences have been laughing all the week. Columbia boys stood in a box and 'rah, 'rah, 'rahed on the first night; exuberant galleries have been 'rah, 'rah, 'rahing all the week. The best test of a piece is not to ask whether its standard is high, but whether it amuses or tires. "Cinderella," beyond a doubt, amuses a vast majority of the spectators. It is nonsense, if you will; it is derogatory to the memory of the late Mr. Robertson, if you will; its music is stolen, and not very deftly stolen, if you will. But the play amuses. You laugh when Mr. James Lewis appears in the correct academical costume of an Oxford don; when Mrs. Gilbert and the young ladies under her tuition perform calisthenic exercises; when Miss Laura Joyce and Miss Ada Rehan lead a revolt against Mr. Lewis and pelt him with copybooks; when Mr. Lacy and Miss Fielding are caught swinging and making love in the moonlight; when two tiny college boats fly across the stage in the manner made familiar by Mr. Boucicault in "Rescued," and, in short, the person who is not hard to please laughs from the beginning to the end of the piece. And after it is over, and the memory of the tinkling music and of Mrs. Gilbert's little trips and pirouettes lingers pleasantly with him, does he think of the disrespect to the late Mr. Robertson, or the dubious origin of Mr. Woolson Morse's numbers, or any of the unities which the piece violates? He thinks, rather, of a pleasant evening

spent in good company. In these days of theatrical dulness he is thankful for small mercies, and forbears to look the gift-horse in the mouth. Mr. Daly deserves credit for his effort to make an American home for the vaudeville. No kind of entertainment is so sure of success if it is well and wittily done. The popularity of such pieces as "The Brook" and "The Tourists"—twaddle as they are—is no sign of a new direction of popular taste. Popular taste has always declared in favor of the musical farce. Did not Sheridan complain that, in his day, the "Duenna" was twice as well received as "The School for Scandal;" and did not the younger Colman profit infinitely more by the "Mountaineers" than by the "Heir At Law?" Mr. Gilbert has shown some of the capabilities of this delightful form of amusement; Mr. Daly is only waiting for his opportunity to develop it. He needs the help of a brighter musician than Mr. Woolson Morse, and of a better versifier than any he seems to keep in his establishment. But "Cinderella at School" shows what his taste and his training can effect, and it is sincerely to be hoped that its success will be such as to encourage him in his laudable enterprise.

Returning to New York after long absence, Janaushek has supplanted "A Hundred Wives" at Booth's Theatre. Thus far this week she has appeared in "Mother and Son," "Brunhild" and "Medea," and to-night she will play "Macbeth."

The pen and ink sketch of Miss Genevieve Ward on the first page of THE CRITIC is by Will H. Low, from a photograph by Sarony.

MUSIC

A SHORT time before the arrival of the Strakosch and Hess opera company, the critics of New York received from Mr. Henry Mapleson a collection of eulogies, in both poetry and prose, addressed to his wife Mme. Marie Roze, and gleaned from the journalistic flora of the English provinces. To this garland, our critics have added so many of their choicest flowers that Mme. Marie Roze now holds a bouquet such as has never before been thrown to any but great artists. With these, however, she is not entitled to rank. Her voice is pleasant and her acting clever, but the former lacks the grandeur and the latter the passion which indicate the great prima donna. Her method is agreeable and her appearance charming, and in light operas, such as "Mignon," her performance is delightful. The other members of this troupe are conscientious though not brilliant artists, and the chorus and orchestra are sufficiently well drilled. If there has been nothing of startling merit in the performances of the company, they have at least been smooth and well-balanced. The repertory is varied, including "Mefistofele," "William Tell," "Lohengrin" and "The Huguenots." Interest in the performance is not enhanced by the company singing in English. In this country Italian words have this great advantage over English, that they are unintelligible to most of the listeners. When the absurdities, incongruities, and ridiculous verbiage of the average operatic libretto are understood the enjoyment of the music is sadly marred. The translations, moreover, are usually execrable. One thing in connection with this company is commendable: it is the first English opera troupe whose repertory does not include "Martha."

MOZART'S "Magic Flute" overture, an air from Rossi's "Mitrane," a concerto in G minor by Saint-Saëns and Schubert's symphony in C major were on the programme of the Symphony Society last week. Some critics who seem to think that Mozart's music is losing in effectiveness, took the opportunity to complain of the choice of this overture. True, it did not produce a very profound impression. But we do not attribute this to the work. To be effective, it must be played most delicately; every phrase must be crisp, every detail carefully worked out. Delicacy, crispness, and detail are usually neglected by Dr. Damrosch, who seems constantly striving for ponderous effects, and if Mozart's beautiful overture passed by unnoticed, let it not be attributed to the work but rather to its execution. Schubert's C major symphony was played better than anything this orchestra has performed this season. Grace and refinement were wanting in the andante; but there was nothing to mar the stately introduction and first movement, the brilliant scherzo, and the dashing finale. The air from "Mitrane" was beautifully sung by Miss Winant. But as it was an old-time composition, and immediately followed another old-time composition, it failed to call forth much applause. Mr. Rummel played the Saint-Saëns concerto. This work is a mingling of much that is beautiful and profound with much that is grotesque and piquant. It is very difficult throughout; but Mr. Rummel conquered its difficulties with so much ease that they were not apparent. Schubert never had the satisfaction of hearing this symphony. He was known to his contemporaries only as a song writer, and when he submitted this, his most brilliant and important work, to a Viennese orchestral society it was returned. One would suppose that such disappointments would have embittered his life; but Schubert was one of the jolliest fellows that ever lived. He seems to have been content to

rise late in the morning and write a song; compose a symphonic movement (over which another might have spent a month) in the afternoon; pass the evening as one of a social circle around a bowl of punch, and throw off another song or two before retiring for the night. How this symphony was found by Schumann, many years after Schubert's death, hidden under a pile of manuscript; how it was produced by Mendelssohn, and enthusiastically received—all this is a story that does not need retelling. It disputes with the "Unfinished Symphony" by the same composer the right to be considered the most original and exquisite symphony produced since the days of Beethoven.

At the last concert of the Oratorio Society a secular work by Händel was performed, "L'Allegro, Il Moderato, and Il Penseroso." The text is composed of alternate lines from Milton's poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and from Jennens's "Il Moderato." From a literary point of view this compound, which was prepared by Jennens, is execrable; but the contrasts which it presents gave Händel a chance to make some very happy effects. Nor is the music to Jennens's modern words below the standard of the rest. The work as a whole is not so imposing as some of Händel's religious compositions. But after all we have here the grave and stately musician of the "Messiah," lacking only a trifle of his dignity. The trifling work demanded of the chorus was carefully done. As the burden of the composition has to be borne by soloists, it is strange the solo parts were not better cast. Mr. Henschel was the only one who did justice to the music.

LEVY, who blew at Manhattan Beach last summer, will blow at the Brighton this year. There has been some discussion whether an orchestra or a military band is the more suitable for such places. An orchestra was tried for a season at Brighton Beach, but it failed to please, and the next season a reed band was substituted. The reasons of this failure are quite plain. When strings are at their best, their tone is not voluminous enough to be distinctly heard in the open air, except in close proximity to the players; and especially at seaside resorts the moist atmosphere impairs their quality. Of course the repertory of a good orchestra includes compositions which cannot be performed by a military band, and among these are numerous works by the masters; but these are compositions for which the miscellaneous audience of a summer resort cares little, and as a hotel is not supposed to be conducted with a view to art education, it is not surprising that a band should be preferred. At Long Beach, last summer, an orchestra played in the afternoon and a military band at night. But after all no music can rival the song of the sea, now mournful, now savage, and again as fresh and inspiring as the breeze that sweeps its bosom.

AN enterprising reporter recently visited the only hand organ manufactory in America. He discovered some interesting facts. The efficacy of each instrument as a means of inflicting torture is shown by the fact that there are only one hundred and fifty in regular service in this city. Most of these are ground by Italians, a few by Germans, and one itinerant is a crippled soldier, who receives a monthly pension of seventy dollars, and grinds only occasionally, to relieve the monotony of his existence. Every spring the organists come to this establishment and purchase a cylinder of new tunes, or at least one or two new tunes, at four dollars each. To a grinder in the Western States "The Sweet By-and-By," is indispensable, and here in New York city "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" commands the largest audience. Among other organs at the manufactory is one which represents Napoleon dying. At the foot of his bed stands Marshal Soult, holding out a platter for pennies, which when obtained, he flings into a box. French officers in gorgeous costume move their heads and arms in admirable time. The melodies accompanying this lugubrious scene are the opening chorus from "Pinafore" and "Brannigan's Band."

MR. P. S. GILMORE, pleased with "Columbia's" reception, is about to add to the number of Irish grievances by publishing a song of his own composition entitled, "Ireland to England." As the particular angel that "inspired" him when he composed his national hymn is not generally known, some facts about him may be interesting. Many years ago, a Parisian named Lamotte wrote a quadrille entitled "Guillaume, le Conquereur," ending it with a march. The theme of this march is almost identical with the melody of "Columbia." Mr. Gilmore has not yet announced the name of the angel to whom he is indebted for "Ireland to England." Perhaps he will claim that it was St. Patrick himself.

Mr. Mapleson has announced that his Spring repertory will be more varied than that of the Winter season. The performances began last Monday with "Marta," with Gerster, Cary, Ravelli, and Del Puente in the principal roles. All the artists were in good voice, and the acting of Mme. Gerster, Miss Cary, and Signor Del Puente was capital. "Don Giovanni" was announced for Wednesday, "Mefistofele" for last night, "Rigoletto" for this afternoon, and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" is to be given on Monday. Mr. Mapleson says that Miss Hauck will soon be added to his company.

Two Definitions of Liberty.

NEW YORK, March 7, 1881.

To the Editor of the Critic:

Lieber, after long pages of discussion, says: "Liberty, applied to political man, practically means, in the main, protection or checks against undue interference, whether they be from individuals or government. The highest amount of liberty comes to signify the safest guaranty of undisturbed legitimate action, and the most efficient checks against undue interference." The Indian girl Bright Eyes, in her introduction to the little book, "The Ponca Chiefs", says: "It is a little thing, a simple thing, which my people ask of a nation whose watchword is Liberty; but it is endless in its consequences. They ask for their liberty, and—Law is Liberty." A friend who sat by her while she was writing this paragraph, and to whom she handed it for criticism as soon as it was written, exclaimed: "How did you come to write that, Bright Eyes? Why do you say: 'Law is Liberty?' " "Why," she answered, "I see it here, out of the window"—pointing with her hand to the crowds moving back and forth on the sidewalks below—"all these people can come and go as they please; they can all go to Europe to-morrow, if they want to; and the reason they can is because the law takes care of them. Isn't it right to say that Law is Liberty?"

H. H.

The Origin of the Word "Blizzard."

WESTERN papers are looking up the derivation of the word "blizzard" as applied to the great storms in the north-west. A Minnesota journal claims to have been the first to use it in an account of a great storm fifteen years ago, having learned the word from a "character" of Minnesota, who from his extreme slowness was called "Lightning" Ellis. The most natural place to look for such a word is in the *patois* of the French Canadian voyageurs, which resembles the French of Rabelais in the use of words ending in *-ard* or *-art*. "Blessart" would mean "the thing that wounds" (*blessure*, to wound) and hence it would apply exactly to the sword-sharp wind that comes down upon the lake region from beyond Manitoba. In Provence we find the word *blesament* used colloquially for *blesure* (wound). Another derivation, more forced in etymology, while nearer in meaning, would be the word *bise*, a great favorite in old French, and meaning exactly what a "blizzard" is, namely, a strong wind from the north. It might be that a variety *bisard* got an "l" inserted after the "b" during its transfer from the voyageur's mouth to that of the English-speaking inhabitant of Minnesota. There is also a French word *bleser* derived from, or co-existent with, the similar Latin and Greek word, which means either a peculiar roughening of the voice in pronunciation, or lisping. We have in "gizzard" an analogous word (represented in French by *gésier*), which tells in favor of *blessure*, to wound, as the original of the disputed term. Moreover, the simplest derivation is the best until further evidence appears. We may suppose that "a regular blizzard" is a piece of voyageur slang to denote a north wind that cuts like a knife.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- SUNRISE: A STORY OF THESE TIMES. By William Black. Cloth, \$1.25; Franklin Square Library, 15 cts. New York: Harper & Bros.
- GAINSBOROUGH AND CONSTABLE. By George M. Brock-Arnold. 1 vol., Cloth, \$1.25. New York: Scribner & Welford.
- THE EASIEST WAY IN HOUSEKEEPING AND COOKING. By Helen Campbell. 1 vol., Cloth, \$1. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
- NEW COOK BOOK. By Maria Parloa. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- QUEENIE'S WHIM. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 1 vol., Cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. By F. W. Longman. 1 vol., \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HOWARD RAYMOND. By Harriet R. Lloyd. 1 vol., Extra Cloth, \$2.50. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
- BRITISH THOUGHT AND THINKERS. By Geo. S. Morris. 1 vol., Cloth. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. H. Fyffe. Vol. 1., Cloth, \$2.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. By Martha J. Lamb. 2 vols. \$30. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.
- SISTER AUGUSTINE: AN OLD CATHOLIC. By Amalie Von Lasaux. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- THE CHINESE: Their Education, Philosophy, and Letters. By Dr. W. A. P. Martin. 1 vol., Cloth. New York: Harper & Bros.
- THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA. By James Legge. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- THE POWER OF MOVEMENT IN PLANTS. By Charles Darwin. 1 vol., Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- INDEX TO HARPER'S MAGAZINE. By Charles A. Durfee. Vols. I. to LX. inclusive. New York: Harper & Bros.
- DECORATION AND FURNITURE OF TOWN HOUSES. By Robert W. Edis. 1 vol., Cloth, \$3.50. New York: Scribner & Welford.
- ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN. By J. W. Forney. Vol. II., \$2. New York: Harper & Bros.
- THE NEW NOBILITY. A Novel. 1 vol., \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TRIAL. By A. Perry. 1 vol., \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- ARROWS OF THE CHACE. By John Ruskin. 1 vol., Cloth. New York: John Wiley & Sons.
- MADAME DE STAËL. A Study of her Life and Times. By Dr. Abel Stevens. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros.
- A HISTORY OF GREECE. By T. T. Timayenis. 2 vols., Cloth, \$2.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- THE CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF GENESIS. By the late George Smith. New edition, edited, revised, and corrected by Professor A. H. Sayce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D. Cloth, 1 vol., \$1. New York: James Miller.
- GOD'S REQUIREMENTS, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D. Cloth, 1 vol., \$1. New York: James Miller.
- ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, AND THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Edited with notes, by Wm. J. Rolfe. Illustrated, cloth, 60 cts.; paper, 40 cts. New York: Harper & Bros.
- THE PAST IN THE PRESENT. What is Civilization? Being ten of the Rhind Lectures on Archæology. By Arthur Mitchell. New York: Harper & Bros.
- THE KING'S MISSIVE, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. G. Whittier. 1 vol., cloth, \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- FIRESIDE TRAVELS. By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol., cloth. (Fourth edition.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- ADDISON'S ESSAYS. Chosen and edited by J. R. Green. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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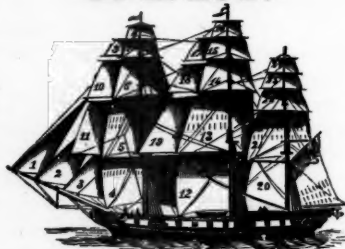
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